THE

Sullen Lovers:

OR, THE

IMPERTINENTS.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

BY

Their Majeſties Servants.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL. *Laur.*

Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira Poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies: mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſane neſcire fateri. Hor. de Art. Poet.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and ſold by *R. Bently*, *F. Saunders*, *J. Knapton*, and *D. Brown*, 1693.

T. R.
S 52-15U

TO

The Thrice Noble, High and Puiſſant Prince

WILLIAM,

Duke, Marquis, and Earl of *NEWCASTLE*, Earl of *Ogle*, Viſcount *Mansfield*, Baron of *Bolſover*, of *Ogle*, of *Bertram*, *Bothall*, and *Hepple*, Gentleman of His Majeſties Bed-Chamber, One of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, His Majeſties Lieutenant of the County and Town of *Nottingham*, and Juſtice in *Eyre*, *Trent*, *North*, &c.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

HAd I no particular Obligations to urge me, yet my own Inclinations would prompt me not only to dedicate this to you, but my ſelf to your Graces ſervice: Since you have ſo much obliged your Country both by your Courage, and your Wit, that all Men who pretend either to Sword, or Pen, ought to ſhelter themſelves under your Graces Protection: Thoſe Excellencies, as well as the great Obligations I have had the honour to receive from your Grace, are the occaſion of this Dedication: And I doubt not, but that Generoſity, wherewith your Grace has always ſuccour'd the afflicted, will make you willing (by ſuffering me to uſe the honour of your Name) to reſcue this from the bloody hands of the Criticks, who will not dare to uſe it roughly, when they ſee your Graces Name in the beginning, that being a ſtamp ſufficient to render it true Coyn, though it be adulterate. That Authority that makes you able, and that great Goodneſs that makes you willing to protect all your ſervants, may give you frequent troubles of this nature, but I hope your Grace will be pleaſed to pardon them when they come from,

London, *Sept.* 1. 1668.

My Lord,

Your Graces

Moſt obliged humble Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

PRE-

PREFACE.

Reader,

THE ſucceſs of this Play, as it was much more than it deſerv'd, ſo was much more than I expected: Eſpecially in this very Critical Age, when every man pretends to be a Judge, and ſome, that never read Three Plays in their lives, and never underſtood one, are as Poſitive in their Judgment of Plays, as if they were all *Johnſons*. But had I been us'd with all the ſeverity imaginable, I ſhould patiently have ſubmitted to my Fate; not like the rejected Authors of our Time, who, when their Plays are damn'd, will ſtrut, and huff it out, and laugh at the Ignorance of the Age: Or, like ſome other of our Modern Fopps, that declare they are reſolv'd to Juſtifie their Plays with their Swords (though perhaps their Courage is as little as their Wit) ſuch as peep through their loop-holes in the Theatre, to ſee who looks grum upon their Plays: And if they ſpy a Gentle Squire making Faces, he poor ſoul muſt be *Hector'd* till he likes 'em, while the more ſtubborn *Bully-Rock* damn's, and is ſafe: Such is their diſcretion in the Choice of their men. Such Gentlemen as theſe I muſt confeſs had need pretend they cannot Err. Theſe will huff, and look big upon the ſucceſs of an ill Play ſtuffed full of Songs and Dances, (which have that conſtraint upon 'em too, that they ſeldom ſeem to come in willingly;) when in ſuch Plays the compoſer and the Dancing Maſter are the beſt Poets, and yet the unmerciful Scribler would rob them of all the Honour.

I am ſo far from valuing my ſelf (as the Phraſe is) upon this Play, that perhaps no man is a ſeverer Judge of it than my ſelf; yet if any thing could have made me proud of it, it would have been the great Favour and Countenance it receiv'd from His Majeſty and their Royal Highneſſes.

But *I* could not perſwade my ſelf that they were ſo favourable to the Play for the Merit of it, but out of a Princely Generoſity, to encourage a young beginner, that did what he could to pleaſe them, and that otherwiſe might have been baulk'd for ever: 'Tis to this *I* owe the ſucceſs of the Play, and am as far from preſumption of my own merits in it, as one ought to be who receives an Alms.

The firſt hint I receiv'd was from the report of a Play of *Molieres* of three Acts, called *Les Faſcheux*, upon which I wrote a great part of this before *I* read that; and after it came to my hands, *I* found ſo little for my uſe (having before upon that hint deſign'd the fitteſt Characters I could

could for my purpose) that I have made use of but two short Scenes which I inserted afterwards (viz.) the first Scene in the Second Act between *Stanford* and *Roger*, and *Molieres* story of Piquette, which I have translated into Back-gammon, both of them being so vary'd you would not know them. But I freely confess my Theft, and am asham'd on't, though I have the example of some that never yet wrote Play without stealing most of it; and (like men that lye so long, till they believe themselves) at length, by continual Thieving, reckon their stolen goods their own too: Which is so ignoble a thing, that I cannot but believe that he that makes a common practise of stealing other Mens Wit, would, if he could with the same safety, steal any thing else.

I have in this Play, as near as I could, observ'd the three Unities, of Time, Place, and Action; The time of the Drama does not exceed six hours, the place is in a very narrow Compass, and the Main Action of the Play, upon which all the rest depend, is the Sullen Love betwixt *Stanford* and *Emilia*, which kind of Love is only proper to their Characters: I have here, as often as I could naturally, kept the Scenes unbroken; which (though it be not so much practised, or so well understood, by the *English*) yet among the French Poets is accounted a great Beauty; but after these frivolous excuses the want of Design in the Play has been objected against me: which fault (though I may endeavour a little to extenuate) I dare not absolutely deny: I conceive, with all submission to better Judgments, that no man ought to expect such Intrigues in the little actions of Comedy, as are requir'd in Plays of a higher Nature: But in Plays of Humour, where there are so many Characters as there are in this, there is yet less Design to be expected: For, if after I had form'd three or four forward prating Fopps in the Play, I made it full of Plot, and Business; at the latter end, where the turns ought to be many, and suddenly following one another, I must have let fall the Humour, which I thought wou'd be pleasanter than Intrigues could have been without it; and it would have been easier to me to have made a Plot than to hold up the Humour.

Another Objection, that has been made by some, is, that there is the same thing over and over: Which I do not apprehend, unless they blame the unity of the Action; yet *Horace de Arte Poetica*, says,

Sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Or whether it be the carrying on of the Humours to the last, which the same Author directs me to do.

Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, Servetur ad Imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

I have endeavour'd to represent variety of Humours (most of the persons of the Play differing in their Characters from one another) which was the practise of *Ben. Johnson*, whom I think all Dramatick Poets ought

to

to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only person that appears to me to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life. Most other Authors that *I* ever read, either have wild Romantick Tales wherein they strain Love and Honour to that Ridiculous height, that it becomes Burlesque; or in their lower Comedies content themselves with one or two Humours at most, and those not near so perfect Characters as the admirable *Johnson* always made, who never wrote Comedy without seven or eight excellent Humours. I never saw one, except that of *Falstaffe*, that was in my Judgment comparable to any of *Johnson*'s considerable Humours: You will pardon this digression when I tell you he is the man, of all the World, *I* most passionately admire for his Excellency in Dramatick Poetry.

Though I have known some of late so Insolent to say, that *Ben. Johnson* wrote his best Plays without Wit; imagining, that all the Wit in Plays consisted in bringing two persons upon the Stage to break Jests, and to bob one another, which they call Repartie, not considering that there is more Wit and Invention requir'd in the finding out good Humour, and Matter proper for it, than in all their smart Reparties. For in the Writing of a Humour, a Man is confin'd not to swerve from the Character, and oblig'd to say nothing but what is proper to it: But in the Plays which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect Character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, Russian for a Lover, and an impudent ill-bred *Tomrig* for a Mistress, and these are the fine People of the Play; and there is that Latitude in this, that almost any thing is proper for them to say; but their chief Subject is bawdy, and profaneness, which they call *Brisk Writing*, when the most dissolute of Men, that rellish those things well enough in private, are *shock'd* at 'em in publick: And methinks, if there were nothing but the ill Manners of it, it should make Poets avoid that Indecent way of Writing.

But perhaps you may think me as impertinent as any one I represent; that, having so many faults of my own, shou'd take the liberty to judge of others, to impeach my fellow Criminals: I must confess it is very ungenerous to accuse those that modestly confess their own Errours; but Positive Men, that justifie all their faults, are Common Enemies, that no man ought to spare, prejudicial to all Societies they live in, destructive to all Communication, always endeavouring Magisterially to impose upon our Understandings, against the Freedom of Mankind: These ought no more to be suffer'd amongst us than wild beasts: For no correction that can be laid upon 'em are of power to reform 'em; and certainly it was a positive Fool that *Salomon* spoke of, when he said, *Bray him in a Mortar, and yet he will retain his folly.*

But I have troubled you too long with this Discourse, and am to ask your pardon for it, and the many faults you will find in the Play; and

beg

beg you will believe, that whatever I have ſaid of it, was intended not in Juſtification, but *Excuſe* of it: Look upon it, as it really was, wrote in haſte, by a Young Writer, and you will eaſily pardon it; eſpecially when you know that the beſt of our Dramatick Writers have wrote very ill Plays at firſt, nay ſome of 'em have wrote ſeveral before they could get one to be Acted; and their beſt Plays were made with great expence of labour and time. Nor can you expect a very Correct Play, under a Years pains at the leaſt, from the Wittieſt Man of the Nation; It is ſo difficult a thing to write well in this kind. Men of Quality, that write for their pleaſure, will not trouble themſelves with exactneſs in their Plays; and thoſe that write for profit would find too little encouragement for ſo much pains as a Correct Play would require,

Vale.

Prologue.

How popular are Poets now adays?
Who can more Men at their first ſummons raiſe,
Than many a wealthy home-bred Gentleman,
By all his intereſt in his Countrey can.
They raiſe their Friends, but in one day ariſe
'Gainſt one poor Poet, all theſe Enemies:
For ſo he has obſerv'd you always are,
And againſt all that write maintain a War.
What ſhall he give you compoſition now?
Alas, he knows not what you will allow.
He has no cautionary Song, nor Dance,
That might the Treaty of his Peace advance;
No kind Romantick Lovers in his Play,
To ſigh and whine out paſſion, ſuch as may
Charm waiting-women with Heroick Chime,
And ſtill reſolve to live and dye in Rhime;
Such as your ears with Love, and Honour feaſt,
And play at Crambo *for three hours at leaſt:*
That Fight, and Wooe, in Verſe in the ſame breath,
And make Similitudes, and Love in Death:
——But if you love a Fool, he bid me ſay,
He has great choice to ſhew you in his Play;
(To do you ſervice) I am one to day.
Well Gallants, 'tis his firſt, Faith, let it go,
Juſt as old Gameſters by young Bubbles do:
This firſt and ſmaller Stake let him but win,
And for a greater Sum you'll draw him in.
Or uſe our Poet, as you would a Hare,
Which when ſhe's hunted down, for Sport you ſpare.
At length take up, and damn no more for ſhame,
For if you only at the Quarrey aime,
This Critick poaching will deſtroy your Game.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

Stanford, — A Moroſe Melancholy Man, tormented beyond Meaſure with the Impertinence of People, and reſolved to leave the World to be quit of them.

Lovel, — An Aiery young Gentleman, friend to *Stanford*, one that is pleaſed with, and laughs at the Impertinents, and that which is the others torment, is his recreation.

Sir *Poſitive At-all*, — A fooliſh Knight, that pretends to underſtand every thing in the World, and will ſuffer no man to underſtand any thing in his Company; ſo fooliſhly Poſitive, that he will never be convinced of an Error, though never ſo groſs.

Ninny, — A conceited Poet, always troubling men with impertinent Diſcourſes of Poetry, and the repetition of his own Verſes; in all his Diſcourſe he uſes ſuch affected Words, that 'tis as bad as the Canting of a Gypſie.

Woodcock, — A Familiar loving Coxcomb, that embraces and kiſſes all men: So uſed to his Familiar endearing expreſſions, that he cannot forbear them in the midſt of his Anger.

Huffe, — An impudent Cowardly Hector that torments *Stanford* with coming to borrow Money, and is beaten by him.

Roger, — *Stanfords* Man.

Father, —— To *Emelia* and *Carolina*.

Country Gent. — A Grave ill-bred Coxcomb, that never ſpeaks without a Proverb.

Tim. Scribble, —
Jacob Daſh, — Two Juſtices Clarks.

Emilia, —— Of the ſame Humour with *Stanford*.

Carolina, —— Of the ſame Humour with *Lovel*.

Lady Vaine, — A Whore, that takes upon her the name of a Lady, very talkative and impertinently affected in her Language, always pretending to Virtue and Honour.

Luce, —— *Emilia*'s Maid.

Bridget, —— Lady *Vaines* Maid.

Seargeant with a File of *Muſqeeteers*, *Waiters*, *Fidlers*, &c.

The place of the SCENE,

LONDON.

The Time.

In the Month of *March*, 166[illegible]

THE
Sullen Lovers:
Or, The
IMPERTINENTS.

ACT I.

Enter Stanford *and* Roger *his Man.*

IN what Unlucky Minute was I born,
To be tormented thus where e're I go?
What an Impertinent Age is this we live in,
When all the World is grown so troublesom,
That I should envy him that spends his days
In some remote and unfrequented Place,
With none but Bears and Wolves for his Companions,
And never sees the folly of Mankind!

Rog. Good Sir be patient, let it not disturb you.

Stanford. Patient——
Thou may'st as well teach patience to a man
That has a fit oth' Collick or the Stone.

Love. What in a fit agen *Stanford*? now art
Thou as moody as a Poet after his Play is damn'd.

Stanf. Oh *Love!*
I am tormented so beyond my patience
I am resolved to quit the World, and find
Some uninhabited place far from Converse.
Where I may live as free as Nature made me.

(*Enter* Lovel.

) *Exit* Roger.

Lov. Why this down-right Madneſs,
Prethee ſend for a Chirurgeon and open a Vein,
Try what that will do; for thou wilt be as
Ripe for Bedlam elſe as a Fanatick.
Stanf. What would you have me do?
Where e'er I turn me I am baited ſtill
By ſome importunate Fools that uſe me worſe,
Then Boys do Cocks upon Shrove-Tueſday;
This makes my Life ſo tedious and unpleaſant,
That rather than endure it longer I'le find out
Some place in the *Weſt-Indies*, where I may
See a Man no oftener than a Blazing-Star.
Lov. Why, thou wilt come to be bound in thy Bed, *Stanford*:
'Thank Heaven I find nothing makes me weary of
My life, thou art ſcandalous; *Why* doſt thou abuſe
This Age ſo? methinks, it's as pretty an Honeſt
Drinking Whoring Age as a Man wou'd wiſh to
Live in.
Stanf. Sure, *Lovel*, thou wer't born without a Gall,
Or bear'ſt thy anger like a uſeleſs thing,
That can'ſt endure to live among ſuch Fools,
As we are every Day condemn'd to ſee.
Lov. Where's the Trouble?
Stanf. Sure thou art Inſenſible, or thou woud'ſt not ask me,
I am more reſtleſs then the Man that has
A Raging Fever on him; and like him,
I change my place, thinking to eaſe my ſelf; but find
That which ſhould leſſen does increaſe my pain.
Lov. As how Sir?
Stanf. Could any Man have born but yeſterdays impertinence;
Lov. What was that? for I have not ſeen you ſince.
Stanf. In the Morning,
Coming abroad to find you out, (the only Friend
With whom I can enjoy my ſelf) comes in a brisk
Gay Coxcomb of the Town—— O Lord, Sir, (ſays he)
I am glad I've taken you within, I come on purpoſe
To tell you the news, d'ye hear it? Then might I
Reaſonably expect to hear of ſome great Intrigue or
Other; At the leaſt that the Kings of *France* and *Spain*
Were agreed——Then after he had bid me gueſs
Four or five times, with a great deal of amazement
Says he: Jack Scatterbrain comes in with ten Guineys
Laſt night into the Groom-Porters, and
Carry'd away 200; and then Teaz'd me
Half an Hour, to tell me all his Throwes.
Lov. Now, ſhould I have been pleas'd with this.
Stanf. You make me mad to hear you ſay ſo.

Lov.

Lov. If you are weary of one Company, why don't
You try another? and vary your Companions as often
As your Young Gallants do their Miſtreſſes, or
The Well-bred Ladies their Servants.

Stanf. Where e're I go I meet the ſame affliction: If I go
Into the City, there I find a Company of Fellows
Selling of their Souls for Two-pence in the Shilling
Profit.

Lov. You are too Satyrical———

Stanf. Beſides I find the very Fools I avoid at this
End of the Town, come thither, ſome to take
Up Money at Ten in the Hundred, what with
Intereſt and Brokage, as they call it; others to take
Up Commodities upon Tick, which they ſell at half
Value for ready Money, and theſe Inhumane Raſcals
I'th very midſt of all their buſineſs will fix upon
Me, and I am more barbarouſly us'd by e'm, then a
New Poet by a Knot of Criticks.

Lov. So Sir! go on with your Relation.

Stanf. The other day, being tyr'd almoſt to death with the
Impertinence of Fopps that importun'd me;
For Variety, I ventur'd into a Coffee-houſe;
There I found a Company of formal Starch'd Fellows
Talking Gravely, Wiſely, and nothing to the purpoſe;
And with undaunted Impudence diſcourſing of the
Right of Empires; the Management of Peace and War;
And the great Intrigues of Councils; when o'my
Conſcience you wou'd have ſooner took e'm for
Tooth-Drawers then Privy-Counſellors.

Lov. But why don't you make this
Pleaſant to your ſelf and laugh at 'em as I do?

Stanf. 'Faith Sir, I cannot find the Jeſt on't.

Lov. Yet methinks however this ſhould not make me
Uneaſie to my ſelf.

Stanf. Sure, *Lovel*, you have patience more then ever Stoick had; This damn'd Impertinence makes me reſolv'd to fly my Country; I can never find one hours refreſhment in a Year: If I go to the Theatre, where all People hope to pleaſe themſelves; either I find an Inſupportable Play; or if a good one ill acted; or which is worſe, ſo many troubleſom Wits buzzing about my Ears, that I am driven from thence too.

Lov. If this torments you ſo, then change the Scene, and
Go to Court, where Converſation is refin'd.

Stanf. Why ſo I do; but there I find a company of gaudy nothings
That fain would be Courtiers; that think they are
Hardly dealt withal not to have Imployment too:
Beſides, when after all my perſecutions, I think
To eaſe my ſelf at night by ſleep, as laſt night

About

About eleven or twelve of Clock; at a ſolemn
Funeral the Bells ſet out: That Men ſhould be
Such Owls to keep five thouſand
People awake, with Ringing a Peal to him that does not hear it!

Lov. But 'tis generouſly done, eſpecially ſince in my
Conſcience they expect no thanks for their Labour,
Neither from their Dead Friend, nor any one elſe.

Stanf. A Curſe upon 'em, this was no ſooner paſt, but
About two in the Morning comes the Bell-man,
And in a diſmal Tone repeats worſe Rhimes
Then a Caſt Poet of the Nurſery can make; after
Him, come thoſe Rogues that wake People with their
Barbarous tunes, and upon their Toting
Inſtruments make a more Helliſh Noiſe then they
Do at a Play-houſe, when they flouriſh for the
Entrance of Witches.

Lov. All this diſturbs not me: But if you are troubled
With this Noiſe, why don't you live in the Country?
There you may be free.

Stanf. Free! Yes to be drunk with March-Beer, and Wine, worſe then ever was ſerv'd in at *Pye-corner* at the eating of Pigs; and hear no other Diſcourſe, but of Horſes, Dogs, and Hawks.

Lov. I wou'd not be of your uneaſie diſpoſition for
The World: But granting all this: Cannot the
Women of the Town pleaſe you? methinks
The pretty Devils have Charms enough to keep me
In the World ſtill without the Danger of being
Felo de-ſe.

Stanf. Women! O! name e'm not: They are impertinence
It ſelf, I can ſcarce endure the ſight of e'm!

Lov. Why thou art ſtark-mad; 'faith for my part I
Ne're met with any of the Sex that was kind and
Pretty, but I cou'd bear with her Impertinence.

Stanf. It cannot be.

Lov. No! wou'd thoud'ſt try me: And bring
Me to a New Woman that's handſom; If I
Boggl'd at her Impertinence, may I never have
Other to help me at my Neceſſity, then an Oyſter-
Wife, or one that cries Ends of Gold and Silver:
Methinks Beauty and Impertinence do well enough
Together.

Stanf. Sure you railly with me all this while, you cannot
Be ſo ſtupid to think I have not reaſon in my
Opinion; but nothing I have ever told you yet
Has equal'd the perſecution of this Day.

Lov. I know whom that concerns——prethee let me
Hear't, that I may laugh a little at thoſe

Monkeys

Monkeys; The Variety of their folly always
Affords new matter.

Stanf. That it does, to my ſad experience; This morning, juſt as I was coming to look for you, Sir *Poſitive At-all*, that Fool, that will let no Man underſtand any thing in his Company, Arreſts me with his Impertinence; ſays he, with a great deal of Gravity, perhaps I am the Man of the World that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a great deal of Wit in e'm; Thoſe are, the Silent Woman, and the Scornful Lady ——— And if I underſtand any thing in the World, there's Wit enough, in both thoſe, to make one good Play, If I had the management of e'm: For you muſt know, this is a thing I have thought upon and conſider'd.

Lov. This is the pleaſant'ſt thing I ever heard

Stanf. May you have enough on't then if you think ſo:
But this was not all, for notwithſtanding I
Granted his opinion, he forc'd me to ſtay an
Hour to hear his Impertinent Reaſons for't;
But no ſooner, by ſome happy Accident or
Other, had I got rid of him, but in comes
That familiar Loving Puppy *Woodcock*, that admires
Fools for Wits, and torments me with a damn'd
Coranto, as he calls it, upon his Violin, which he us'd
So barbarouſly, I was ready to take it for a
Bag-pipe.

Lov. This would have made me broke my Spleen with Laughter.

Stanf. I muſt be ſtung with a Tarrantula, before I could laugh at it: but here my perſecution did not end; For after I had got looſe from the other two, whom ſhould I ſee as I came along, but that infinite Coxcomb Poet *Ninny*: who by force of Arms hales me into his Lodging, and read me there a Confounded Scene in Heroick Verſe: ſo that what with Sir *Poſitive*'s Orations, *Woodcock*'s ſqueaking Fiddle, and Poet *Ninny*'s Heroick Fuſtian, I have a greater Wind-mill in my brain then a New Politician with his head full of Reformation; but as Fate wou'd have it, in came a Dunn, and out got I and for fear of further Interruption, came back to my Lodging. (*Enter* Roger.

Roger. O Sir! here's Poet *Ninny*. (*Enter* Ninny.

Stanf. I ha' but nam'd the Devil, and ſee I have rais'd him.

Ninn. Mr. *Lovel*, Your humble Servant.

Lov. Sweet Mr. *Ninny*, I am yours.

Ninn. But dear Mr. *Stanford*, I am infinitely troubled,
That that unmannerly Raſcal ſhou'd come and diſturb
Us juſt now: But you know, Sir, we cannot help the
Impertinence of Fooliſh idle Fellows.

Stanf. No, no! you have convinc'd me ſufficiently of that. (*Aſide.*
How the devil could he follow me? I think the (*Lovel.* and *Ninny* whiſper
Raſcal ha's as good a Noſe as a Blood Hound.

Ninn. I have a Copy of Heroick Verſes will fit him
I warrant you.

Lov. Read e'm to him, he's a great Judge I can aſſure you.

Ninn.

Ninn. Sir, I am happy to meet with one that is ſo great
A judge of Poetry as you are, for it is a miſerable
Thing for an Author to expoſe his things to empty
Giddy fellows: and let me tell you, between you and
I, there are ſeven thouſand Fools to ſeven Wiſe Men.

Lov. That ſo great a Truth ſhould be ſpoken by one
That I'le ſwear is none of the ſeven!

Stanf. Now do you judge *Lovel*: (*Enter* Woodcock.
'Slife, another Teazer here! *Woodcock*?

Wood. Dear *Ninny*, Ah dear Lovel: Ah my dear *Jack Stanford*, I am the happieſt Man in thy Friendſhip of any Man's upon (*Kiſes them all.*
Earth, Dear *Jack*, I have the greateſt value for thee in the World; prethee
Kiſs me agen dear Heart.

Stanf. Now *Lovel*, Have I reaſon or not?

Lov. That you have to Laugh; this is my recreation.

Stanf. Well! if I do not leave the World within theſe three days; May I be eternally baited by Sir *Poſitive*. *Ninny*, and *Woodcock*, which is a Curſe worſe then the worſt of my Enemies Wiſhes. (*Aſide.*

Wood. Hay! Art thou reſolv'd to give over the World too
Dear Heart? There's a Lady that came to Town
Yeſterday that is of the ſame mind: ſhe told me
So, but I hope ſhe will not, for the truth on't is
Jack, I am in Love with her.

Ninn. Are you ſo? but I hope I ſhall catch her from you for all that.

Wood. She ſays ſhe's ſo troubled with Impertinent People, which, between you and I *Jack*, are ſo numerous in this Town, that a Man cannot live in quiet for e'm, that ſhe's reſolv'd to leave the World to be quit of e'm.

Ninn. Yes, Faith ſhe told me ſo laſt night as I was reading
A Scene of my Play to her.

Stanf. No doubt ſhe had reaſon.

Wood. 'Tis your Acquaintance *Ned Lovel*, *Carolina*'s Siſter, *Emilia*.

Lov. Now *Stanford* I'le oblige you, and bring you
Acquainted with this Lady; Certainly her humor
Will pleaſe you.

Stanf. My Friend torment me too! Have I not Impertinent
Acquaintance enough already; but you muſt endeavour
To trouble me with more?

Wood. Well! that's an Excellent Copy of
Verſes of thine, Dear *Ninny*. Come on *Jack*,
Thou ſhalt hear e'm.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! (*Offers to go out.*

Ninn. Hold, hold; You ſhall hear.
Your ſad indifference——(Look you Sir, 'tis upon a
Lady that is indifferent in her Carriage toward me)
Your ſad indifference——(I am confident this
Will pleaſe you, here are many thoughts I was happy in
And the Choice of words not unpleaſant, which you

Know

Know is the greateſt matter of all) — Your [illegible] difference.
So wounds —— (Look you, you ſhall find as much
Soul and Force, and Spirit, and Flame in this, as ever you
Saw in your Life.)

Wood. Come, *Jack*, hear't, it is a moſt admirable piece.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, what think you? (*Lovel laughs.*
Gentlemen, I have Extraordinary Buſineſs,
I muſt leave you.

Wood. No, no, hold! Faith thou ſhalt ſtay and hear
His Verſes, they are as good as ever were read:
Come, *Ninny*——

Stanf. O Devil! What have I deſerv'd to have this
Inflicted upon me?

Ninn. } Your ſad indifference ſo wounds my fair,
Reads. } At once I hope, and do at once deſpair.
How do you like that, ha?——
You do at once both hate and kindneſs ſhow;
And are at once both kind and cruel too.

Wood. O! Very fine! Is't not, *Ned*?

Lov. O! Extream fine.

Stanf. What the Devil makes you commend theſe ſottiſh Verſes,
That are nothing but a Jingling of Words?
Let's go.

Ninn. Hold! hold! hold, hear the reſt; hem——

Reads again. } At once my hopes you nouriſh and deſtroy,
} My only Grief, and yet my only Joy.
Mark that.

Stanf. O Devil!

Ninn. reads. } Virtue and Vice at once in you do ſhine;
} Your Inclinations are, and are not mine.

Wood. O Admirable! Didſt ever hear any thing ſo
Fine in thy life, Dear Heart?

Stanf. O how theſe Curs bait me!

Ninny reads again. } At once a ſtorm and calm I do eſpy,
} And do at once a ſmile and frown deſcry.
At once you kindle and put out my flame:
I cold as Ice, as hot as Charcoal am.
Mark that, Mr. *Stanford*, I was very happy in that
Thought, as I hope to [illegible]the.

Wood. Upon my word, *Jack*, that's a great flight of his.

Rog. Sir, methinks there's as pretty a Soul in't, as a Man ſhall ſee in a Summers Day.

Stanf. What am I condemn'd to?

Lov. Why do you torment your ſelf thus? methinks nothing can be pleaſanter.

Stanf. Gentlemen, detain me not, I'll ſtay no longer.

Ninn. Dear Mr. *Stanford*, I ha' juſt done, if you have any reſpect in

the World for me, ſtay and hear the end on't.

Wood. Nay, 'Faith *Jack*, thou ſhalt ſtay.

Stanf. What's this I endure?

Ninny reads. My Fate at once is gentle and ſevere,
You will not ſhew your Hate, nor Love declare:
Such ſafety and ſuch danger's in your eye,
That I reſolve at once to live and die.

There's Body and Soul, in that laſt Couplet.

Lov. Hey, riddle my riddle, but this is the Faſhionable way of writing.

Ninn. What ſay you, Sir? Are they not well? You are a great Judge.

Stanf. Pray, Sir, let me go, I am no Judge at all, let me go; I will not ſtay.
Sir *Poſitive*, hear! I had rather (*Enter Sir* Poſitive.
Go againſt an Inſurrection of 'Prentices, than Encounter him.

Sir *Poſit.* Ah Dear *Jack!* Have I found thee? I would not have ſeen you for twenty pounds: I have made this morning a glorious Corrant, an immortal Corrant, a Corrant with a Soul in't; I'll defie all *Europe* to make ſuch another: You may talk of your *Baptiſts*, your *Lookes*, and your *Baniſters*; let me ſee 'em mend this: Why here's at leaſt 25 Notes Compaſs, Fa, la, la, *&c.* You ſhall hear.

Wood. Come, Sir *Poſitive*, let's hear't.

Sir *Poſit.* With all my heart: Fa, la, la.

Stanf. Oh Heaven! Sir *Poſitive*, though I love Muſick,
Yet at preſent I muſt tell you,
I am out of Tune.

Ninn. Out of Tune, Ha, ha, ha,——Now have you ſaid the Beſt thing in the World, and do not know it.

Stanf. Sir *Poſitive*, I muſt take my leave of you, I muſt not loſe my Buſineſs for a little Muſick.

Sir *Poſit.* Hold, now you talk of Muſick——

Stanf. 'Slife, Sir, I talk of my Buſineſs.

Sir *Poſit.* But for Muſick, if any Man in *England* gives you a better account of that than I do, I will give all Mankind leave to ſpit upon me: You muſt know, it's a thing I have thought upon and conſider'd, and made it my Buſineſs from my Cradle; beſides, I am ſo naturally a Muſician, that *Gamut*, *A re*, *Bemi*, were the firſt words I could learn to ſpeak: Do you like *Baptiſt*'s way of Compoſing?

Lov. No doubt, Sir, he's a great Maſter.

Wood. As ever was born, take that from me.

Sir *Poſit.* Upon my word, *Stanford*, I will make all my Tunes like his—You ſhall hear his Vein in this Corrant now.

Stanf. One trouble upon the neck of another——
When ſhall I be deliver'd from theſe Fools?

Sir *Poſit.* Do but ask *Ninny* there.

Ninn. Yes

Ninn. Yes doubtleſs, Sir *Poſitive* has a great Soul of Muſick in him; he has great power in Corranto's and Jiggs, and compoſes all the Muſick to my Plays; he has great power.

Wood. As any Man that ever was born, Dear Heart.

Sir *Poſit.* Come, you ſhall hear't——

Stanf. Sir, I beg your pardon; I'll hear it ſome other time.

Sir *Poſit.* Piſh, piſh, Upon my Honour thou ſhalt ſtay,
And hear it now.

Lov. Come, Dear Sir *Poſitive*, Make us happy.

Sir *Poſit.* Obſerve! here's Flame in this Corrant——Fa, la, la.
There's a delicate Note in B Fa Bemi in Alt.
And obſerve now how it falls down to C. Sol. Fa. Ut.
Fa, la, la——There's Maſtery for you.

Stanf. I do not like that part of your Corrant.

Sir *Poſit.* It is a prodigious thing, thou ſhou'dſt ever be in my Company, and underſtand Muſick no better; thou haſt found fault with the beſt part of the Corrant, ask *Woodcock* elſe.

Wood. By the Lord *Harry*, there is a great deal of
Glory in that part of the Corrant.

Sir *Poſit.* Obſerve here how cunningly it falls out of the Key, Fa, la, &c.
And now at laſt it ends quite out of the Key.

Stanf. Well, well! it's an Excellent Corrant; What the Devil
Will you have more?——Fare you well.

Sir *Poſit.* No, no; Stay but one Minute and you ſhall hear it
All together. *Ninny*, Do you beat Time——

Wood. Well thought on, do, and I'll dance
To't, Dear Hearts.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, what think you? this Torture's worſe than any the *Dutch* invented at *Amboyna*.

Sir *Poſit.* Here's a Corrant for you, ha! *Stanford*, What think'ſt of this?

(Sir Poſitive *ſings*, Ninny *beats falſe time, and* Wood-cock *dances to't.*)

Wood. Think quoth a', I think I danc'd it as well
As any Man in *England*, Bully-Rock.

Lov. Certainly, Sir *Poſitive*, he dances very finely.

Sir *Poſit.* As any Man that ever was born upon two Legs:
I defie any Man in the World that out-does him;
For betwixt you and I, I taught him every ſtep he has.

Rog. Upon my word, *Woodcock*, you have as much power
In Dancing, as any Man in *England*.

Wood. Dear Heart, let me kiſs thee; Gad thou art a great
Judge——Here, drink my Health.

Rog. Ah! Dear Flattery, How convenient a ſin art thou? (*aſide.*

Ninn. Come, Mr. *Woodcock*, you ſhall go to the reading of my Play.

Wood. Ay! Come on, Bully-Rock—— (*Exeunt* Nin. *and* Wood.

Lov. Come, I'll take pity on you, *Stanford*, and go before, and prepare ſome place or other, where we may enjoy our ſelves, and you be free. I'll take your Man along with me, and ſend him back agen in haſte for you; by that means you may get looſe

Stanf. For Heavens ſake make haſte, you'll oblige me for ever.

(*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Roger.

Sir *Poſitive!* I am ſorry I muſt leave you now;
I muſt go ſpeak with a Gentleman that came
From *Flanders* laſt night.

Sir *Poſit. Flanders!* If any Man gives you that account of *Flanders* that I do, I'll ſuffer death; You muſt know I have thought of their Affairs, I have conſider'd of the thing throughly, never ſpeak on't more, name it no more, let it not enter into your Thoughts; 'tis a loſt Nation, abſolutely undone, loſt for ever, take that from me: And yet were I with *Caſtel Rodrigo* but one quarter of an hour, I'de put him in a way to ſave all yet.

Stanf. This is beyond all ſufferance.—— Sir *Poſitive*, I am
So much in haſte, that none but your ſelf ſhou'd
Have ſtaid me of all Mankind.

Sir *Poſit.* Mankind! Doſt thou know what thou ſay'ſt now? Doſt thou talk of Mankind? I am confident thou never ſo much as thought'ſt of Mankind in thy life: I'll tell thee, I will give Dogs leave to piſs upon me, if any Man underſtands Mankind better than my ſelf, now you talk of that. I have conſider'd all Mankind, I have thought of nothing elſe but Mankind this month; and I find you may be a Poet, a Muſician, a Painter, a Divine, a Mathematician, a States-man; but betwixt you and I, let me tell you, we are all Mortal.

Stan. Well, they may talk of the Pox, want of Money, and a Scolding Wife, but they are Heaven to my afflictions.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Sir *Poſitive*, my Lady *Vaine* deſires you wou'd come and look upon her Picture that's come this Morning from Maſter *Lilly's*.

Sir *Poſit.* Why there 'tis now *Stanford*, that people ſhou'd have no more Judgment, ſhe had as good have thrown her money into the dirt; 'tis true, I cou'd have made him have made a good Picture on't, if I had drawn the Lines for him, but I was not thought worthy; and now you talk of Painting, either I am the greateſt Fop in Nature, or if I do not underſtand that, I underſtand nothing in the World: Why I will paint with *Lilly*, and draw in little with *Cooper* for 5000 *l.*

Stanf. O intolerable Impertinence! I am afraid he will not go now his Miſtreſs ſends for him.

Sir *Poſit.* Dear *Stanford!* I muſt beg thy Excuſe.

Stanf. A Curſe on him, that's eaſily granted. [*aſide.*

Sir *Poſit.* Come, Miſtreſs *Bridget*, I'll go along with you—Dear *Stanford*, take it not unkindly, for I wou'd not leave thee but upon this occaſion.

Stanf. A thouſand thanks to the occaſion. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Poſit* But you know a Man muſt not diſoblige his Miſtreſs, *Jack*.

Stanf. Oh no, by no means.

Sir *Poſit.* Adieu [*Ex.* Sir *Poſ.* and *Bridget.*

Stanf. So! this Trouble is over.
O Fate! how little care you took of me,
By theſe Misfortunes I too plainly ſee. [*Ex.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Carolina, Lovel.

Car. I Long to bring 'em together, they will be well Match'd; but we muſt ſtay a while, for ſhe has been ſo teaz'd this Morning, ſhe has lock'd her ſelf up in her Chamber.

Lov. Stanford was ready to fall out with me, when I nam'd a new acquaintance to him, and will not be perſwaded there is ſuch a Creature as a Woman
That is not impertinent.

Car. Emilia is as Cautious as he can, and won'd be ready to ſwound at the ſight of a new face, for ſhe will not believe but all mankind are Coxcombs: For Heav'ns ſake, *Lovel*, let's ſurprize them into one anothers Company, we ſhall have admirable ſport.

Lov. We'll do't; but, Madam, why ſhou'd we mind their buſ'neſs that have enough of our own? What if you and I ſhou'd play the Fools once in our Lives, and enter into the Bonds of Wedlock together?

Car. Fie, fie, 'tis ſuch a conſtant condition of life, that a Woman had as good be profeſt in a Nunnery, for ſhe can no ſooner get out of one then t'other.

Lov. But with your pardon, Madam, this is ſomewhat the pleaſanter Condition of the Two.

Car. That's according as they uſe both Conditions; but pray Maſter *Lovel*, bring not this villanous Matrimony
Into diſpute any more, leſt that they make us deſire
It: I have known ſome men by maintaining a
Hereſie in Jeſt, become of that Opinion in good Earneſt.
But do you know that my Lady *Vaine* was here this Morning?

Lov. No, Madam, but what of that?

Car. She told me that of you, will make your Ears tingle.

Lov. Of me, Madam! What was't?

Car. She ſays you are the moſt inconſtant Man, the moſt perfidious Wretch that e'er had breath, and bid me fly you as I won'd infection.

Lov. What the Devil did ſhe mean by that?

Car. Come, let me know what's betwixt you, or I'll
Rack you but I'll know it.

Lov. This Jealouſie makes me believe you love me.
That ſhe ſhould be prating her ſelf! (*Aſide.*
How many Women would be thought honeſt, if
They could hold their own Tongues?

Car. I am like to have a fine Servant of you: But a Lady won'd have a fine time on't that were to marry you, to ſtake all the treaſures of her Youth and Virginity, which have been preſerv'd with ſo much Care, and Heav'n knows, ſome trouble too, againſt nothing.

Lov. Faith, Madam, I have e'en as much as I had before; but if you'll be kind,

kind, I'll take that Care off your hands, and ſoon rid you of that trouble.

Car. No, no, go to my Lady *Vaine*, give her your Heart; poor Lady, ſhe wants it too; but for me, I can keep my Affliction to my ſelf.

Lov. Dear *Carolina!* name her no more; if you do, I will get drunk immediately: And then I ſhall have Courage enough to fall aboard her.

Car. Lord! what a loſs ſhall I have? Heav'n ſend me patience, or I ſhall ne'er out-live it, to loſe ſo proper a Gentleman; but why ſhould I think to rob her of her due? No, no, now I think on't, to her again, go, go.

Lov. For Heav'ns ſake, *Carolina*, do not Tyrannize thus, why, I had rather be kept walking at an ill Play, than endure her Company.

Car. Thus are we, poor Women, deſpis'd; when we give away our Hearts to ungrateful Men; but Heav'n will puniſh you.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*, let's leave fooling, and be in down-right Earneſt.

Car. I hope, Sir, your Intentions are honourable.

Lov. Madam, Why ſhould you once doubt it?
My love to you is as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar:
You are too unjuſt if you ſuſpect my Honour.

Car. Now will you leave fooling; on my Conſcience
He is in Earneſt.

Lov. As much as the ſevereſt Anchorite can be at his Devotions.

Car. O! are you ſo? it's a hard caſe; but pray you, Sir, leave off, I had rather hear a ſilenc'd Parſon preach Sedition, than you talk ſeriouſly of Love, wou'd you cou'd ſee how it becomes you; why you look more Comically than an old-faſhion'd Fellow ſinging of *Robin Hood* or *Chevy Chaſe*.
My Love to you's as pure as the flame that burns upon an Altar;
How ſcurvily it ſounds!

Lov. You are the cruelleſt Tyrant alive: Let us be ſerious a little, I have rallied my ſelf into a paſſion will ruine me elſe.

Car. Come, in what poſture muſt I ſtand to hear you talk formally?

Lov. On my Conſcience 'tis eaſier to fix quick-ſilver than your humour, Madam, but if you wou'd enter into Wedlock, I can aſſure you that will bring you to gravity.

Car. Let me but once more hear you name Marriage, and I proteſt I'll ſend for my Lady *Vaine* to you. I tell you again, I will not marry. I love your Converſation, and your Humour of all things in the World.
But for Marriage, 'tis good for nothing, but to make Friends fall out.

Lov. Nay, faith, if you be at that, I can do you the ſame Civility without that Ceremony, as you ſay it is a kind of formal thing.

Car. No! I ſhall take Example by my Lady *Vaine*.
Poor Lady, ſhe little thought to be unkindly us'd, I warrant you.

Lov. Again that name!

Car. Beſides, if we were marry'd you might ſay; faith *Carolina* is a pretty Woman, and has humour good enough, but a Pox on't ſhe's my Wife; no, no, I'll have none of that.

Lov. Do you ſtill miſtruſt my Honour? 'tis unkindly done, but——

Car. Hold, hold, her door opens, ſtep you in there, and you may hear how ſhe entertains the motion.

Enter

Enter Emilia *with a Book in her hand.*

Emil. The Wisdom of this *Charles* the Fifth was
Wonderful,
Who 'midst of all his Triumphs and his Greatness,
When he had done what Glory had oblig'd him to,
Seeing the Vanity of Mankind, did quit
The Pleasures that attend a Monarchs state;
Nay more, that most bewitching thing call'd Power,
And left the World, to live an humble life,
Free from the Importunity of Fools: Was't not
Wisely done, Sister?

Car. Yes, no doubt on't, as wisely done to go to a Monastery to shun Fools, as to keep Company with Usurers and Brokers to avoid Knaves.

Emil. Thou art a Foolish Girl, I am tormented
With the Impertinence of both Sexes so,
I am resolv'd I'll not stay one Week out of a Nunnery.

Car. O' my Conscience thou art stark out of thy Wits with reading of *Burton's* Melancholy; to a Nunnery to avoid Impertinence! where canst thou think to meet with more than there?

Emil. Now you are too Censorious.

Car. You shou'd like me the better.
But must you needs find relief there? do you
Think any Women that have sense, or warmth
Of Blood, as we have, wou'd go into a Nunnery?

Emil. If I shou'd meet with Fops there too,
I should be irreparably lost: Oh Heaven! what
Shall I do to ease my self? rather than
Endure the persecution of those Fools that haunt
Us here, I will go where neither Man nor Woman
Ever came.

Lov. O rare! *Stanford*, here's just thy Counterpart [*Within.*
To a hair.

Car. Since thou art resolv'd to sequester thy self from Company, I'll buy thee a Cage, and hang thee up by the Parrot over the way, thou shalt converse with none but him: I hope he's not Impertinent too?

Emil. Must you torment me too? Fie, Sister.
What would you have me do? my Patience
Is not great enough to endure longer, to see
The Folly of this Age; Do you judge, after I had been
Sufficiently worry'd by the Lady *Vaine* this Morning,
Whom I was forc'd get rid of, by telling her, her
Lover my Cousin *Positive* was at her lodging, which
You know is as far as the *Pall-Mall.*

Car. That *Virtuosa*, as she calls her self, is the pleasantest Creature I ever saw. But prethee, Sister, let me hear none of your fantastick Stories; methinks you are as Impertinent as any body.

Emil. It distracts me to see this Folly in things that are intended for reasonable Creatures.

Lov. O *Stanford!* if this Lady does not match thee, the Devil's in't: [*Within.*

Car. These Fools you talk of, afford me so much recreation, that I do not know how I should laugh without 'em.

Emil. Thou hast no sense, they make me weary of the World! Heav'n! what shall I do?

Car. I tell you: *Stanford* hearing of your Humour, and admiring it, has a great desire to see you; before you resolve to leave the World, try how he will please you.

Emil. What a ridiculous thing it is of you to wish me to new Acquaintance, when I am leaving the old? I am sure he's impertinent, for all Mankind I have met are so.

Car. Hist *Lovel!*

Lov. Your humble Servant, Ladies—— [*Comes out.*

Emil. Is this he? Then farewel.

Lov. Madam! pray stay, and give me the honour of one word with you.

Emil. I knew what he was: My Lady *Vaine* here?

Enter Lady Vaine *and* Bridget.

L. *Vaine.* Master *Lovel!* your humble servant.

Lov Your Ladiships humble servant: How I hate the sight of her in presence of my Mistress!

Car. Lovel! for shame be civil to your Mistress: Let's hear you make Love a little.

L. *Vaine.* Madam, upon my Reputation there was no such thing; Sir *Positive* was never there, sure some dirty Fellow or other brought a false Message on purpose to rob me of the pleasure of your Ladiships sweet Company: Would he were hang'd for his pains, the passion he has put me in, has put me out of breath. [*To Emilia.*

Lov. Lord! how soon she's put in and put out!

L. *Vaine.* But, Madam, as soon as ever I found he was not there, I made all possible haste to wait upon you again, for fear your Ladyship shou'd resent my too abrupt departure.

Emil. O Heav'ns! take pity of my afflictions, Madam—

L. *Vaine.* But the truth on't is, I design'd to spend this day with you, since I can be no where so well satisfi'd as with your Ladyships Converse, a Person who is Mistress of so much Virtue and Honour, which are Treasures I value above the World.

Emil. Why Madam——

L. *Vaine.* For the truth is, so few Ladies have either, that they are things to be valu'd for their rarity.

Emil. Oh Impertinence! Whither will this Eternal Tongue of hers carry her?

Lov. This is very pleasant, for her to name Virtue and Honour in my Company. [*Aside.*

Emil. Madam! For Heav'ns sake——

L. *Vaine.* For the truth on't is, Madam, a Lady without Virtue and Honour is altogether as detestable as a Gentleman without Wit or Courage.

Emil. Madam!

Emil. Madam! I am ſorry I cannot wait on you longer, I am engag'd to Dine abroad.

La. Vain. Where is't, Madam? for I am reſolv'd to go along with you.

Emil. Why Madam, you do not know the perſons.

La. Vain. That's all one for that, let me alone to make my Apology.

Emil. This is beyond all ſufferance.

Car. I hope ſhe will not leave her off ſo,

Lov. No: If ſhe does, I am miſtaken.

La Vain. Come Madam; Let's go.

Emil. But Madam, I muſt call at the Exchange firſt,
To buy ſome trifles there.

La. Vain. O Madam! I'le bring you to my Milliner; that
Calls himſelf the *Italian Milliner*, or the Little
Exchange; he's better provided then any one in the Exchange.

Emil. I am on the ſudden taken ill, and muſt retire.

La. Vain. Madam, d'ye think, I that am a *Virtuoſa* underſtand no better, then to leave you now you are not well? what's your diſtemper? no Woman in *England* was more ſerviceable among her Neighbours then I with my *Flos Unguentorum*, *Paracelſian* and *Green-Salve*.

Lov. And your *Album Græcum* I warrant you.

La. *Vain.* That *Album Græcum* was a Salve of my invention:
But a *propos*, perhaps it may be a fit of the Mother;
If it be, we muſt burn ſome *Blew-Inckle*, and *Partridge*-
Feathers under your Noſe; or ſhe muſt ſmell to *Aſſa fœtida*,
And have ſome Cold Water with a little Floure to drink:
Ay, ay, 'twill be ſo; pray Mr *Lovel* come and help to hold her.

Emilia. No, no, Madam; there's no ſuch thing I'le aſſure you:
I muſt beg leave to go to my Chamber.

La. Vaine. Come Madam, I'le conduct you, and be as careful of you
As if you were my Siſter a thouſand times.

Emil. Madam! with your pardon, I deſire to be alone, and
Try to reſt.

L. Vaine. Alone! by no means in the World, Madam, it may
Be very dangerous; I would not for all the World,
Madam, you ſhould be alone; ſuppoſe you ſhou'd
Fall into a Fit alone; I can ſpeak it by Experience,
'Tis dangerous for a Lady to fall into a Fit without
An Able Body by her. Come Madam, I'le Conduct you in.

Emilia. How ſhall I get rid of her? (*Ex.* La. Vaine *and* Emilia.

Lovel. Let's in and ſee when the Fury of this *Dol Common* will be at an End.

Carol. Come, come, we ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing my
Siſter worry'd almoſt to death. (*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Carolina.

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. I wonder my Man returns not yet.
I thought to have found Mr. *Lovel* here, but
Here's one will do my buſineſs. (*Enter* Huffe.

Huffe. Oh Mr. *Stanford*! Have I found you?

Stanf. Oh Heavens! Will my punishment never end?

Huffe. I am the most unfortunate Man that ever was born.

Stanf. Why do you trouble me with this? Am I the Cause on't?

Huffe. No! but I'le tell you, upon my Reputation, I have been nick't out of twenty pound just now at *Spierings*, and lost seven to four, for my last Stake.

Stanf. What the Devil's this to me? let me go.

Huffe. But Sir, I'le tell you a thing that very nearly concerns you.

Stanf. Some other time; 'Slife do not disturb me now.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear me, you'l repent it else.

Stanf. Make haste then, keep me in pain no longer.

Huff. Why, I have found out the finest plump fresh Girl, Newly come out of the Country.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! Why do you trouble me with Such trifles?

Huffe. Trifles, does he call e'm? Well! *I* see this won't do: (*Aside.* But Sir, I'le tell you somewhat concerns you more Nearly; Sir, it concerns your Honour.

Stanf. My Honour! Why, who dares call it in question?

Huffe. Not so, Sir; but, Do you love Generosity and Honour?

Stanf. Why do you ask the question?

Huffe. Why then I'le put you in a way to do a very Generous And Honourable thing.

Stanf. What do you mean by this Impertinence?

Huffe. If you will relieve an Honest Gentleman in distress, Lend me two Pieces, you shall have 'em agen within Four and twenty hours, or may *I* perish.

Stanf. 'Pox ou you for an Owl: There take 'em; I wou'd I cou'd get rid of all my Impertinents at as cheap A rate.

Huffe. I give you a thousand thanks.

Stanf. 'Slife! trouble me no more, be gone!

Huffe. Sir, It were a very ungrateful thing not to Acknowledge the favour.

Stanf. Away, away, and let your gratitude alone.

Huffe. D'hear, Mr. *Stanford*! upon mine Honour I'le Return 'em to morrow night without fail. } Huffe *offers to go out, and returns.*

Stanf. Curse on you for a Rascal! (*Ex.* Huffe. So here's one trouble over! Well, what's the News? (*Enter* Roger.

Rog. Do you earnestly desire to know, Sir?

Stanf. Must I have Impertinence in my own Family too?

Rog. O! I am so out of breath, I am not able to speak one word; but if I had never so much breath, I cou'd tell you nothing but what you'd be glad to hear: If I had the wind of an *Irish* Foot-man, nay, of a Non-conforming Parson, or—— *Stanf.*

Stanf. Or, with a Pox to you! One Similitude more, and I'le Break that Fools head of yours.

Roger. Well, Sir, ſince you are in haſte, I'le be brief as a Fidler after, he's paid for ſcraping, for *I* love to be ſo in Caſes of this importance, for I have heard ———

Stanf. Out you Dog, a Sentence after your Similitude! You are as impertinent as a Country Witneſs.

Roger. I have done Sir, and now I'le tell you in one word: Hold Sir! here's a Spider in your Perriwig.

Stanf. Death, you Raſcal! I'le ram it down your Throat.

Roger. Be patient, Sir: *Seneca* adviſes to moderate our paſſions.

Stanf. Hang ye Raſcal! *Seneca* is an Aſs in your mouth. Tell me quickly, or ———

Roger. Why Sir, you are ſo impatient you will not hear me.

Stanf. 'Faith but *I* will ſpeak.

Roger. Not to boaſt of my diligence, which, though I ſay it, is as much.

Stanf. You Dog tell me quickly, or I'le cut your Ears off.

Roger. Why, Mr. *Lovel* wou'd have you come to him; What wou'd you have?

Stanf. If I were not in haſte, Sirrah, I'de teach you to know your Man, and who you may put your Tricks on, you impudent Raſcal.

Rog. Death! That I ſhou'd find Impertience in others, and not ſee it in my ſelf. } *As* Stanford *is going out, enter* Woodcock.

Wood. Dear *Jack*, thy humble Servant: How doſt do? My Footman told me, he ſaw thy Man come in here, which made me believe I ſhou'd find thee here; and *I* had not power to ſtay from thee, my Dear Bully-Rock, for *I* can enjoy my ſelf no where ſo well as in thy Company: Let me kiſs thee Dear Heart; 'Gad *I* had rather kiſs thee then any Woman.

Stanf. This is beyond all Example: Oh horrid! his kindneſs is a greater perſecution then the Injuries of others.

Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, I love thee with all my Heart: thou art a Man of Sence, Dear Rogue, I am infinitely happy in thy Friendſhip; for I meet with ſo many Impertinent ſilly Fellows every day, that a Man cannot live in quiet for e'm, Dear Heart. For between you and I, this Town is more peſter'd with Idle Fellows, that thruſt themſelves into Company, then the Country is with Attorneys; Is it not *Jack*? *Exit* Roger.

Stanf. Yes! I have too much reaſon to believe you, a Curſe on you (*Aſide.*

Wood. Ay, Did not I tell you ſo *Jack*? ha? but this is not my buſineſs: Dear Raſcal kiſs me, I have a ſecret to impart to thee, but if it take the leaſt Air, I am undone: I have a project in my head ſhall raiſe me 20000 *l.* I know you will promiſe ſecreſie, dear heart.

Stanf. Don't trouble me with it.

Wood. No it concerns thee Man: Why, thou ſhalt go halfs with me, Dear Heart.

Stan. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't truſt it with me, I have a faculty of telling all I know: I cannot help it.

Wood. Oh! Dear Bully-Rock, that Wheadle won't paſs. Don't I know

thou art a Man of Honour; and beside, so reserv'd, that thou wilt scarce tell a secret to thy Friend?

Stanf. Sir I am unhappy in your good opinion, this is beyond all sufferance.

Wood. No, Faith, Dear *Jack*, thou deserv'st it; but my project is this, d'ye see.

Stanf. Well! I am so tormented with Impertinent Fellows, that I see there is no remedy.

Wood. As I hope to live *Jack*, I am of thy opinion: The truth on't is, 'tis Intollerable, for a man can never be free from these Fools in this Town; I like thy resolution so well, that I am the Son of a Whore if I don't go along with thee: Ah how we shall enjoy our selves when we are both together, how we shall despise the rest of the World: Dear Heart!

(*Enter* Roger.

Rog. O, Mr. *Woodcock*! Poet *Ninny* is gone to the *Rose* Tavern, and bid me tell you, he has extraordinary business with you, and begs you wou'd make all possible haste to him.

Wood. O Dear Rascal, kiss me! thou art the honestest Fellow in the World: Dear *Jack*, I must beg thy pardon for a few minutes, but I hope thou't not take it ill, why 'tis about business Dear Heart, you know we must not neglect that.

Stanf. O no Sir, by no means.

Wood. Nay dear Rogue, be not angry, prethee kiss me; as I hope to live, I'le return immediately; Dear *Jack*, thy humble Servant——

(*Exit* Woodcock.

Stanf. This is a lucky Accident.

Rog. Sir, I was fain to sin a little for you, and get rid of him by this lie.

Stanf. Well! This shall excuse all your former Errors, I'll away, for fear some other fools shou'd find me out. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Emilia, La. Vaine (*following her up and down*) *after them* Carolina, Lovel.

Carol. Does she not Tease her bravely, *Lovel*?

Lov. Admirably! Oh that *Stanford.* were here! If't t'were for nothing but to see a fellow-sufferer.

La. Vain. Then *Madam*, will your Ladyship be pleased to let me wait on you to a Play? there are two admirable Plays at both Houses; and let me tell you, Madam, Sir *Positive*, that understands those things as well as any man in *England*, says, I am a great Judge.

Emil. Madam, I beseech you ask me no more questions; I tell you, I had as live stand among the rabble, to see a Jack-pudding eat a Custard, as trouble my self to see a Play.

La. Vain. Oh fy Madam! a young Lady and hate Plays! why I'll tell you, Madam, at one House there is a huge two handed Devil, and as brave a Fat Fryer as one would wish to see in a Summers-day; and a delicate Machin, as they call it, where one sits and sings as fine a *Song*: And then at t'other house there's a rare Play, with a Jigg in't, would do your heart good to see it; but if there were nothing else in't, you might have your 4 s. out in Thunder and Lightning and let me tell you, 'tis as well worth it as one Penny's worth another.

Emil.

Emil. What have I done?

Stanf. Am *I* trepan'd into Womens Company? { *Offers to go out, Lovel lays hold of him.*

Lov. Hold, hold, hold, Madam, here's Mr. *Stanford* desires to kiss your hands.

Emil. *I* am in that disorder that never Woman was.

La. *Vain.* O Mr. *Lovel*! she's falling into a fit of an Epilepsy: help all to hold her, lend me a knife to cut her Lace.

Stanf. This is worse then all the rest.

Lovel to La. Vain.] Let me speak with you in the next Room in private.

La. *Vain.* Sir, your most obedient Servant: I shall be glad of any occasion to retire with one, for whom I have so great an affection.

Lov. to Caro.] For Heaven's sake follow me, or I shall be in an ill condition.

Caro. I find you are an Errant Hypocrite, but I'le take you at your word for once. (*Ex.* Lovel, La. Vaine, *and* Carolina.

Emil. I am the greatest object of pity that { Stanford *and* Emilia *walk up and down, and take little notice of one another.*
was ever seen: I am never free from these Im
portunate Fools.

Stanf. I am not less afflicted, and have as much need of pity too.

Emil. I find no possibility of relief, but by leaving the World that is so full of folly.

Stanf. Who would live in an Age, when Fools are Reverenc'd, and Impudence Esteem'd?

Emil. To see a fellow but the other day content with humble Linsey Woolsey, now have variety of Vests, Perriwigs and Lac'd Linnen.

Stanf. One, that but the other day, could eat but one meal a day, and that at a three-penny Ordinary; now struts in State, and talks of nothing but Shattellin's and Lesronds.

Emil. In so corrupt an Age, when almost all mankind flatter the greatest, and oppress the least; when to be just is to be out of fashion and to betray a friend is lawful Cunning.

Stanf. This is pleasant for her to speak against these things, (*Aside.* as if she were not as bad as any one: Who wou'd live in such a treacherous Age, to see this Gentleman that Courts the t'other Gentleman's Wife, meet him and imbrace him; and swear he loves him above the World: and he poor fool dotes extreamly upon him that does the Injury.

Emil. Now has this Fellow a design to have me think him Wise: (*Aside.* but wisdome and honesty are fool'd out of Countenance.

Stanf. Now the illiterate fool despises Learning.

Emil. Nay, among the learn'd themselves, we find many that are great Scholars by Art, are most abominable Fools by Nature.

Stanf. This shall not perswade me to believe she is not Impertinent. (*Aside.*

Emil. Now the qualifications of a fine Gentleman are to eat A-la-mode, drink Champaigne, dance Jiggs, and play at Tennis.

Stanf. To love Dogs, Horses, Hawks, Dice and Wenches, scorn Wit, break Windows, beat a Constable, ly with his Sempstress, and undo his Taylor; it distracts me to think on't.

Emil.

Emil. Now does he desire to be taken for a discreet fellow, but this will not do. (*Aside.*

Stanf. What relief can I expect in this Age, when men take as much pains to make themselves fools, as others have done to get Wisdom?

Emil. Nay folly is become as natural to all mankind as lust.

Stanf. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn me to avoid these Fools?

Lov. Now let's slip 'em.

Car. We shall have a very fair Course.

Emil. O Heavens! Are they here?

Stanf. What will become of me?

{ *Enter* La. Vaine, Ninny, Lovel, *and* Carolina.

Ninny to *Emelia.* O Madam, I'le tell you; *Stanford* pray hear once. 'Tis such a thing as never was in the World.

La. *Vain.* Ay, pray Sir hear him, he's as pretty a Wit as any man in this Town, except Sir *Positive* I assure you.

Stanf. What are we condemn'd to?

Emil. To a worse condition then Gally-slaves.

Ninny. I was with my Book-seller, Madam, with that Heroick Poem, which I presented to your Ladyship, as an earnest of the honour I have for you; But by the way, he's an *Ignorant* ingrateful Fellow, for betwixt you and *I*, he has got some hundreds of pounds by some Plays and poems of mine which he has Printed. And let me tell you, some under the Names of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson* too: But what do you think, Madam, I asked the Son of a Whore for this Poem?

Emil. O Insufferable!

Ninny. What think you *Stanford*? (*Lays hold on him.*

Stanf. Let me go; I have no Judgment in these things.

Ninny. But I'll tell you; there are not above 10 or 12000 Lines in all the Poem: And as I hope to be sav'd, I ask'd him but twelve pence a Line one Line with another.

La. *Vain.* And really, Sir, that's as reasonable as he can possibly afford 'em, take that from me.

Stanf. O devil! this is worse then a *Sheerness* Ague: That will give a Man some respite between the Fits.

Ninny. By my Soul, Madam, if he had been my Brother I wou'd not have abated him one penny; for you must know, there are many hundreds of Lines, that in their Intrinsick value, are worth ten shillings a Line between Father and Son; and the greatest part of 'em are worth five shillings a Line: But before *George* very few or none but are worth three shillings a Line to the veriest *Jew* in Christendom; they have that salt, thought, imagination, power, spirit soul, and flame in 'em——ha!

Emil. What does this concern me?

Ninny. No, But I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee hear, as *I* hope for mercy this impudent Rogue told me he would not give me two shillings for the whole Poem; an ignorant Puppy, a fellow of all the World *I* design'd to make, for he might have sold these Books for three shillings a piece, and I would have help off with 10000 of 'em, to ten thousand of my particular intimate Friends; besides, every one that had but heard of my name, which

which are almoſt all the Kings Subjects, would have brought ſome; ſo that I ſhould not have got above ſix or ſeven hundred pound, and in a fortnights time have made this fellow an Alderman: That ſuch ignorant Raſcals ſhould be Judges of Wit or Sence!

La. *Vaine.* Well Sir, we ſhall never have good World unleſs the State reforms theſe abuſes.

Ninny. 'Tis very true, Madam, for this a thing is of Conſequence to the whole Nation. *Stanford.*

Stanf. What the Devil would you have) Am I the cauſe of this?

Ninny. No! Heaven forbid I ſhould ſay ſo: But Madam, I had forgot another Advantage he had had by this.

Emil. Heav'n defend me! this puts me beyond all patience.

Ninny. I'll tell you, *Stanford*, prethee mind me a little.

Stanf. Oh now I am undone, ruin'd for ever, Sir *Poſitive*'s here.

Emil. O Intolerable! [*Enter* Sir Poſitive.

Sir *Poſit.* I heard your Ladyſhip was here, and came to kiſs your hand. } to *La. Vain.*

Oh *Stanford*, art thou here? well, how doſt Couſin?
I am glad I have found you all together, I came to
preſent my Lady *Vaine* with a Muſick I have made,
Which has that Invention in't, I ſay no more but
I have been this month of making it,
And you muſt know, Muſick is a thing I value my
Self upon, 'tis a thing I have thought on, and conſider'd,
And made my buſineſs from my Cradle.

Lov. Come Madam, now they are ſettl'd in their buſineſs, let's Leave 'em.

Car. With all my heart.

Sir *Poſit.* Come! you ſhall ſee it.

Emil. Couſin! Pray let it be another time.

Sir *Poſit.* Nay, nay, never talk of that, you ſhall ſee't now,
And let me tell you, I have as much power of Invention
In Muſick as any man in *England*: Come in.

Stanf. O Heaven, when ſhall we be deliver'd from theſe fools? } *Enter Fidlers and play a ridiculous piece of Muſick.*

Sir *Poſit.* How do you like it *Stanford*, is it not well? what ſay you Couſin, ha?

La *Vain.* Indeed Sir *Poſitive*, it's very agreeable.

Sir *Poſit.* Upon my honour this honeſt fellow plaid it with a great deal of glory, he is a moſt incomparable Bower, he has the moſt luſcious, the moſt luxurious bow-hand of any man in *Europe*, take that from me, and let me tell you, if any man gives you a better account of the Intrigue of the Violin, than I do, I am Owl, a Puppy, a Coxcomb, a Logger-head, or what you will.

Emil. Sure there is Magick in this; never to be free!

Sir *Poſit.* Magick? why, do you underſtand Magick?

Emil. No, no, no, not I Couſin. O intolerable!

Sir *Poſit.*

Sir *Posit.* I do; if you please, talk of something else, leave that to me why I will discover lost Spoons and Linnen, resolve all Horary Questions, nay raise a Devil with Doctor *Faustus* himself, if he were alive.

Ninny to my Lady *Vaine.* } *Woodcock* a Poet? a Pimp, is he not?

Sir *Posit.* Who's that speaks of pimping there? well! though I say't, no man pretends to less than I do; but I cannot pass this by without manifest Injury to my self,

Stanf. This Puppy, rather than not be in at all, will declare himself a Pimp.

La. *Vain.* But Sir, are you such a manner of Man?

Sir *Posit.* Why Madam? did you never hear of me for this?

La. *Vain.* No Sir: if I had——

Sir *Posit.* If I had—— ha, ha, ha,—Why Madam, where have you liv'd all this while?

La. *Vain.* O fy upon him, Madam, I shall lose my reputation if I be seen in his Company.

Sir *Posit.* Well! the Pimps in this Town are a company of empty, idle, insipid, dull fellows, they have no design in 'em.

La. *Vain.* Sir, I am sorry you are such a kind of a Man, but——

Sir *Posit.* Sorry! well! if I would bend my self to't, I would starve all these Pimps, they should not eat bread, but I am not thought fit.

La. *Vain.* Sure you railly all this while.

Sir *Posit.* Railly! ha, ha, ha. Why, there is not a Lady of Pleasure from *Blackwall* to *Tuttle-Fields* that I am not intimately acquainted with, nay, that I do not know the state of her Body from her first Entering into the Calling.

La. *Vain.* O Madam! I am undone, ruin'd for ever by being in his Company.

Sir *Posit.* Besides, for debauching of Women, Madam, I am the greatest Son of a Whore in the World if any one comes near me.

La. *Vain.* Out upon you! if you be such a Man, I will have nothing to do with you, see me no more, I must look to my Honour, my Reputation is dearer to me than all the World. I would not have a blemish in my Honour for all the riches of the Earth; this makes me so covetous of your Ladyships Company, a person of so much Virtue and Honour, but for Sir *Positive* I defie him; forbear my presence, you will undo my Honour for ever

Sir *Posit.* Oh what have I done?

Emil. O horrid Impertinence! [*Offers to go out.*

Sir *Posit.* Nay, nay, Dear Cousin stay, and see us friends first. Madam, I beg a thousand pardons: 'Tis true, I said no man in *England* understood pimping better than my self, but I meant the speculative, not the practical part of pimping.

La. *Vain.* O that's something, I assure you; if you had not brought your self off well with your Speculation, I would never have suffer'd you to have Practis'd upon me, for no Woman in *England* values her Honour more than I do.

Enter

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Oh Madam, we muſt go to the *Setting-Dog* and *Partridge* to Supper to Night, Maſter *Whiskin* came to invite us, there will be the Blades, and we ſhall have a Ball.

La. *Vaine.* Will there be none but our own Company?

Bridg. No, Madam.

La. *Vaine.* Well! I am reſolv'd not to fail, if I can by any means get rid of Sir *Poſitive*, for I love Meat and Drink and Fiddles, and ſuch merry Gentlemen with all my heart.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. Your Servant, Dear Hearts; Madam *Emilia*, I kiſs your Hand: Dear *Jack!*

Emil. Nay, now it is time to ſhift for our ſelves.

Wood. My Dear Bully-Rock, can I ſerve thee in any thing?

Stanf. Nay, then fare you well—— [Emilia *and* Stanford *run out at ſeveral doors, the Impertinents divide and follow 'em.*

ACT III.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, *Sir* Poſitive, *Lady* Vaine, Woodcock *and* Ninny.

Sir *Poſ.* NAy then, Couſin, I am an Aſs, an Idiot, a Blockhead, and a Raſcal, if I don't underſtand Dramatique Poetry of all things in the World; why this is the onely thing I am eſteem'd for in *England.*

Emil. I can hold no longer. [*Aſide.*

This Rudeneſs of yours amazeth me; 'Tis beyond all Example, muſt we be perpetually perſecuted by you and your Crew? For Heav'ns ſake leave me.

Sir *Poſ.* Ha, ha, ha, Couſin, thou rallieſt well; 'Tis true, *Woodcock* and *Ninny* will be a little troubleſom ſometimes; but 'ifaith they are very Honeſt Fellows, give 'em their due.

Emil. Oh abominable! Worſe and worſe.

Stanf. to *Ninny* and *Wood.* Gentlemen! what Obligation have we to endure your folly any longer? Muſt we be forc'd to leave the World for ſuch Importunate Fools as you are?

Ninny. What a Devil ails he? he's mad; who does he mean by this?

Wood. Nay faith I don't know, I am ſure he does not mean me, Dear Heart.

Ninny. Nor me neither; Take that from me.

Wood. *Jack*, If thou wilt leave the World, I'll go along with thee as I told thee, Dear Heart: But who is't troubles thee now, Bully-Rock?

Stanf. All of ye; ye are a pack of the moſt inſupportable Fools that e'er had breath; I had rather be at a Bear-Garden than be in your Company.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha: This is very pleaſant 'ifaith: Call the greateſt Wits and Authors of the Nation Fools! Ha, ha, ha. That's good 'ifaith.

Wood. Nay, perhaps the greateſt Men of the Age: You are a great Judge indeed, *&c.*

La. *Vaine.* Nay, Sir *Poſitive*, e'en leave her, (don't be troubleſom) ſince ſhe deſires you: Come, Madam, I'll wait upon you, whither you pleaſe: We'll enjoy our ſelves in private.

Emil. This is worſt of all; Do you think I can ſuffer the Noiſe of your Tongue for ever with patience?

La. *Vaine.* O' my Conſcience, Sir *Poſitive*, ſhe's diſtracted.

Sir *Poſit.* Yes, Madam, if I be a Judge, ſhe is, and I defie any one to deceive me in this.

La. *Vaine.* It muſt be ſo, for ſhe has a vaſt deal of Wit, and great Wits you know have always a mixture of Madneſs.

Sir *Poſit.* Well, Madam! I found that by my ſelf, for I was about three years ago as mad as ever man was: I 'ſcap'd *Bedlam* very narrowly, 'tis not above a twelve-month ſince my Brains were ſettled again: But come, Madam, I'll wait on your Ladyſhip, for ſhe does not deſerve the honour of ſuch Company.

La. *Vaine.* What ſhall I do to get rid of him? I ſhall miſs my Aſſignation, if I do not.

Sir *Poſit.* Come, Madam——

Fare you well! ſince you are no better Company——

(*Ex.* Sir *Poſit.* and La. *Vaine.*

Ninny. So, ſo, now we ſhall be a little at reſt: For let me tell you, Madam, though Sir *Poſitive* be a rare man, yet my Lady *Vaine* is a little too talkative, and there can be no greater trouble to one of ſenſe than that.

Emil. You are the moſt impertinent of all Mankind.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleas'd to ſay ſo——

Emil. You are a moſt abominable Fool, and the worſt Poet in Chriſtendom: I had rather read the Hiſtory of *Tom Thumb* than the beſt of your Poems.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleaſant, but this won't paſs

Emil. Such ridiculous inſipid Rhimes are you Author of, That I am confident you are that incorrigible Scribler that furniſhes the Bell-man of this Ward.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha, *&c.* Madam, as I hope to breathe you droll very well, this is the pretty'ſt humour in the World.

Enter Lovel *and* Carolina.

Stanf. O Heav'n! What will become of me?

Car. Is not this extreamly pleaſant?

Lov. There was never any thing equal to't.

Emil. Your Verſes are ſuch as School-boys ought to be whipp'd for.

Ninny. This will not ſtir me, Madam, I know you are not in Earneſt.

Emil. And your Plays are below the Dignity of a Mountebanks Stage. *Salvator Winter* wou'd have refus'd them.

Ninny. Nay, Madam, never talk of that, I'll ſhew you a Play I have about

about me: Come, Madam, we'll read it, here's the most glorious conceits, the most powerful touches, in a word, 'tis a Play that shall Read and Act with any Play that ever was born, I mean, conceived.

Wood. Come on, *Jack!*

Stanf. Ah! Dear *Lovel*, use some means for my delivery, or I am ruin'd for ever: For if I should go, they would not leave me, they are so barbarously cruel in their persecutions.

Wood. Nay, never speak of that, Madam, before *George* you will bring your Judgment in question if you condemn *Ninny*'s Plays, Dear Heart.

Emil. Away, you Coxcomb, you are ten times a more ridiculous 'Squire than he's a Poet.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha. By the Lord *Harry* this is a strange humour of hers as ever I saw in my life: Well, Madam, you will have your frolick, but come, *Ninny*, we'll e'en take our leaves.

Ninny. Ay, ay, come; your humble Servants.

Wood. Your Servant, Dear Hearts, this is the pleasant'st humour in the World.

Ninny. Ay, is't not? Ha, ha, ha——

[Ex. *Ninny* and *Woodcock* laughing.

Stanf. O Friend, I have been more inhumanely us'd than ever Bawd was by the fury of the 'Prentices.

Lov. Still I say, laugh at 'em as *I* do.

Car. Let's leave 'em, *Lovel*, for they are in such humours, they are only fit for one anothers Company.

Lov. With all my heart, Madam. —— [Ex. Lovel *and* Carolina.

Emil. Well! *I* will leave the World immediately.

Stanf. Which way do you intend to go?

Emil. Why do you ask?

Stanf. That *I* may be sure to take another way.

Emil. Nothing could so soon perswade me to tell you as that.

Stanf. What, are they gone? they have lock'd the Door too!

Emil. *I* wonder what they leave us alone for.

Stanf. Heav'n knows, unless it be to be troublesom to one another as they have been to us.

Emil. I am sure I have most reason to fear it. } *They walk up and down, and take little notice of one another.*

Stanf. You most reason? when did you see a man so foolish as a Woman?

Emil. When I see you.

Stanf. No, no, none of our Sex will dispute folly with any of yours.

Emil. That's hard, I find nothing but Owls among the best of you; your Young Men are all positive, forward, conceited Coxcombs; and your Old Men all formal Nothings, that won'd have sullen Gravity mistaken for Wisdom.

Stanf. This is not altogether so much Impertinence as I expected from one of your Sex; but let me tell you, I have too often suffer'd by Women, not to fear the best of 'em, there being nothing to be found in most of the Sex, but Vanity, Pride, Envy and Hypocrisie, Uncertainty and Giddiness

of humour; the furious desires of the Young make 'em fit to be seduc'd by the Flesh, as the Envy and Malice of the Old prepare 'em to be led away by the Devil.

Emil. I must confess I don't perceive yet that you are altogether so ridiculous as the rest of Mankind; but let me tell you, I have Reason to fear you will be so; perhaps your Impertinence is an Ague that haunts you by fits.

Stanf. That disease in the best of Women is Quotidian, and if you be not infected, you must be the most Extraordinary Woman in the World.

Emil. I would give Money to see a Man that is not so, as the Rabble do to see a Monster, since all Men I have ever seen are most intolerable Fops: would it not distract one to see Gentlemen of 5000 *l.* a year write Plays, and as Poets venture their Reputations against a Sum of Money, they venture theirs against Nothing? Others learn Ten years to play o' the Fiddle and to Paint, and at last an ordinary Fidler or Sign-Painter that makes it his bus'ness, shall out-do 'em all.

Stanf. This looks like sense; I find she does understand something. [*Aside.*

Emil. Others after twenty or thirty years study in Philosophy arrive no further than at the weighing of Carps, the Invention of a Travailling Wheel, or the poisoning of a Cat with the Oyl of Tobacco; these are your Wits and Virtuoso's.

Stanf. I must confess this is not so ill as I expected from you; but it does not less distract me to see a young Lady fall in love with a vain empty Fellow not worth a Groat, perhaps for dancing of a Jigg, or singing of a Stanza of fashionable Non-sense: Another on the contrary so insatiably covetous, for money, to marry old age, infirmity and diseases, and the same bait that perswades them to Matrimony, shall entice 'em into Adultery.

Emil. This is not so foppish as I believ'd; yet though this be a great Truth, 'tis a very impertinent thing of you to tell me what I know already.

Stanf. How, the Devil should I know that? I am sure not many of your Sex are guilty of so much discretion as to discern these things.

Emil. I am sure you have not much, that cannot distinguish between those that have and have not.

Stan. I must confess I am a little surpriz'd to find a Woman have so little vanity, I could never endure the society of any of the Sex better than yours.

Emil. To be plain with you, you are not so troublesom a Fop as I have seen.

Stan. What the Devil makes me think this Woman not impertinent? and yet I cannot help it, what an Owl am I? (*Aside.*

Emil. I have been so cruelly tormented, and without intermission too, that this seems some Refreshment to me.

Stan. Why should I be catch'd thus?
But I'll keep my folly to my self. [*Aside.*

I can

I can bear this with a little more patience; but if you should grow much Impertinent, I shou'd venture to break open the Door for my Liberty, I can assure you. [*To her.*

Emil. Pray Heaven you don't give me the first occasion. [*To him.*

Well, I know not what's the matter, but I like this man strangely; but, What a Fool am I? [*Aside.*

Stan. How like a Woodcock am I insnar'd! [*To himself.*

A Curse on *Lovel* for leaving me alone with her!

Emil. What, do they intend to keep us Prisoners for ever? [*To him.*

Stan. I care not how long. [*Aside.*

I think they intend to deal with us as they do with Juries, shut us up till we agree of our Verdict. [*To her.*

Emil. That would be longer than the Siege of *Troy* lasted.

Stan. This is not half so bad though as our late Persecutions, That's one Comfort.

Emil. It fares with me like one upon a Rack, that is a little loosen'd from his pains; 'tis pleasure to him when he compares his torments, though those he has left may be intolerable too.

Stan. In this we agree, though in nothing else.

Emil. I wou'd to Heaven we did in all things; [*Aside.*

I am tormented with my self, that am forc'd by the Ridiculous Custom of Women to dissemble, and that way endure my own foppery——— Ah dear *Stanford!* [*Aside.*

Stan. How now! she smil'd, and suddenly check'd the Liberty she took. [*Aside.*

Emil. O Heaven! I fear he has discover'd something. [*Aside.*

Stan. There must be something in't, I like her very well, but am resolv'd not to disclose it whate'er comes on't; for, that will make her vain, though she be not already. [*Aside.*

Emil. Why don't you break open the Door, Sir?

Stan. I don't find much reason for't yet.

Emil. I could find in my heart to give you enough.

Stan. Nay, I doubt not but 'tis in your Nature. What can the meaning of this be? Is there nothing but Riddle in Woman? [*Aside.*

Roger. Hold, hold, Mr. *Huffe:* My Master charg'd me, of all men living to keep you out of his sight. { *Enter* Huffe *and unlocks the door, and* Roger *after him, and lays hold on him.*

Huffe. Prethee stand by, you sawcy Coxcomb.

Roger. Nay, Sir, be not so boisterous; upon my word you pass no further.

Huffe. Prethee, dear *Roger*, don't put this upon me.

Roger. My Master says it costs him two pieces a time to be rid of you.

Huffe. Prethee let me go, and you shall go my halfs.

Roger. Are you in earnest?

Huffe. Yes, upon my Honour.

Roger. Nay then speed ye, but be sure you sink nothing. [*Exit* Roger.

Huffe. I warrant you.

Stan. Is

Stanf. Is he here! hold, hold, hold, here's your two pieces, don't trouble me now.

Huffe. Your humble Servant, I'll return 'em again to morrow without fail: Ha! Do they come so easily? there are more from whence these came: O Sir, I'll tell you, I have had the severest fortune that ever man had.

Stanf. Away, away.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear, it's the most prodigious thing you ever heard.

Emil. What will this World come to?

Huffe. I was playing at Back-Gammon for my Dinner, which I won; and from thence we came to five up for half a piece; of the first Set I had three for love, and lost it; of the second I Gammon'd him, and threw Doublets at last, which you know made four, and lost that too; of the third I won never a Game.

Stanf. O Devil! Is this the miraculous thing you would tell me? Farewell.

Huffe. Hold, hold, Sir! you don't hear the end on't.

Stanf. Nor do I desire it, Sir.

Huffe. I'll tell you, Sir, of the fourth Set I was four to two, and for the last Game my Tables were fill'd up, and I had born my three odd men, so that you know I had two upon every Point.

Emil. O insufferable! though I feel enough my self, yet I cannot but pity *Stanford.* [*To her self.*

Stanf. O Damn'd Impertinence! Sir, I tell you, I don't understand Back-Gammon.

Huffe. Not understand Back-Gammon! Sir, that you may understand well what I say, I'll tell you what Back-Gammon is.

Emil. This is worse than t'other: Sure *Stanford* has some Charm about him, that I can suffer this rather leave him. [*To her self.*

Stanf. I desire none of your Instructions.

Huffe. Well; then, as I was a saying, I had just two upon every Point, and he had two Men to enter; and as the Devil wou'd have it, my next throw was Size-Ace; he enter'd one of his Men a Size; then, Mr. *Stanford*, to see the Damn'd luck on't, I threw Size-Cinque next, and the very next throw he enter'd upon a Cinque, and having his Game very backward, won the Game, and afterwards he Set so, that I lost every Penny.

Stanf. This will distract me; What the Devil's this to me?

Huffe. No, but did you ever hear the like in your life?

Stanf. This puts me beyond all patience.

Huffe. But this was not all; for just in the Nick came she that Nurs'd my three last Children that were born without Wedlock, and threaten'd to turn 'em upon my hands if I did not pay her. —'Faith, Mr. *Stanford*, three Pieces more will do my business; upon my Honour I'll pay you to morrow: Come, will you Communicate?

Stanf. Yes that, that's fitter for you.———

Huffe. What is that, Dear Heart?

Stanf. 'Tis that, Sir———[*Kicks him.* *Huffe.*

Huffe. That, Sir, I don't underſtand you; if you go to that, Sir: There's a buſineſs indeed. What do you mean by this? What would you make a quarrel, Sir? You'll never leave theſe tricks: I have told you of 'em often enough. What the Devil do you mean by that?

Stan. Let this expound my meaning. —— [*Kicks him agen.*

Huffe. 'Slife, Sir, I don't underſtand you; and ye talk of theſe things, and theſe buſineſſes, Sir, I'd have you know, I ſcorn'd to be kick'd as much as any man breathing, Sir; and you be at that Sport, your Servant, your Servant, Sir.

Enter Roger *at the Door.*

Roger. Come, Mr. *Huffe*, Divide.

Huffe. Divide! There's one for you, for two of 'em was all I got. {*Gives* Roger a Kick.

Roger. This you might have kept to your ſelf if you had pleas'd, but D'ye think I'll be ſerv'd thus?

Huffe. Let me go.

Roger. I'll not leave you ſo.—— (*Ex.* Roger *and* Huffe.

Emil. Why don't you go? the Door's open now, Sir.

Stan. I am afraid I ſhall light into worſe Company.

Emil. O Sir, that's impoſſible!

Stan. How vain this is of you! Now would you give me a fair occaſion to flatter you, but I can aſſure you, you ſhall miſs of your deſign.

Emil. Well, this is an extraordinary man; I love the very ſight of him: I wonder, Sir, you'll be ſo foppiſh to imagine I love to be flatter'd; I hate flatterers worſe than our new Poets. [*Aſide.* (*To him.*

Stan. What an Owl am I to like this Woman! ſure I am bewitch'd.

Emil. } Well, Sir, Farewell: and yet I would not
Aſide. } leave him. {*She offers to go out.*

Stan. You'd e'en as good ſtay, Madam, while you are well: You may, perhaps, if you go, encounter ſome of your Perſecutors.

Emil. I'd rather ſtay here than venture that; my trouble is not here ſo inſupportable.

Stan. She muſt be a rare Woman! (*Aſide.*
Nor perhaps is not like to be, unleſs it comes from your ſelf: But I think there's leſs vanity in you than in moſt Women I have ſeen. (*To her.*

Emil. This is a moſt excellent Perſon. (*Aſide.*

Stan. Dear *Emilia.* (*Aſide.*
O Heaven! is he here? (*Enter Sir Poſitive.*

Sir Poſit. *Jack*, Hark ye.

Stan. For Heaven's ſake! I have buſineſs.

Sir Poſit. 'Tis all one for that, Sir; Why I'll tell you.

Stan. Another time, I beſeech you don't interrupt me now.

Sir Poſit. Faith but I muſt interrupt you.

Emil. What can be the matter? He liſtens to him. (*Aſide.*

Stan. 'Slife, Why ſhould you put this upon me now?

Sir Poſit. If you refuſe me, I'll blaſt your Reputation.

Stan. What ſhall *I* do? Though this be a Coxcombly Knight, yet the Puppy's

Puppy's ſtout. Are you ſo cunning in perſecuting me, to put a thing upon me I cannot refuſe? Well, Sir, remember this. (*To him.*

Emil. What can this mean? (*Aſide.*

Stanf. Come, Sir, I'll follow you, but a Curſe upon you for finding me out: Madam, as ſoon as I have diſpatch'd this buſineſs, 'tis poſſible I may ſee you agen.

Emil. But 'tis not, I'll aſſure you; I'll never ſee the Face of one, that has ſo little ſenſe to be ſeduc'd by ſuch an Idiot as that is.

Stanf. How ridiculous is this of you, to judge of a thing before you know the bottom on't?

Sir *Poſit.* Come, *Stanford*, prethee come away. (*Exeunt.*

Emil. Have I found you? This Fellow's as bad as any, and without doubt did but counterfeit his humour, to inſinuate himſelf into my good opinion. What lucky Accident is this has undeceiv'd me? I felt a paſſion growing in me might elſe have prov'd dangerous—*Luce.* (*Enter* Luce.

Luce. Madam.

Emil. Fetch my Hoods and Scarffs,
I'll take a walk in the Fields. (*Exit* Luce.

Enter Lovel *and* Carolina.

Carol. How Siſter! What have you loſt your Gallant?

Emil. O Siſter, I thank you for locking me up with that Fellow; well, the time may come when I may be quit with you. (*Exit.*

Carol. I wonder how the Door came open; I believe there has been hard bickering betwixt 'em: But, I find my Siſter is Conqueror, and your Friend is fled for the ſame.

Lov. Farewell he, let us mind our ſelves. Come, 'Faith Madam, Why ſhould you and I hover ſo long about this Matrimony; Like a Caſt of Falcons about a Hern that dare not ſtoop?

Carol. O Sir, the Quarry does not countervail the Danger.

Lov. I'll warrant you, Madam; but let's raillly no longer, there is a Parſon at *Knights-bridge* that yokes all ſtray People together, we'll to him, he'll diſpatch us preſently, and ſend us away as lovingly as any two Fools that ever yet were condemn'd to Marriage.

Carol. I ſhould be inclinable enough to caſt my ſelf upon you; but I am afraid you are gone ſo far with my Lady *Vaine*, you can never come off with Honour: Beſides, I am ſure, whate'er you ſay, you cannot ſo ſoon forget your kindneſs to her; and if after we are yok'd, as you call it, you ſhould draw that way, I ſhould draw another; then our Yoke would go near to Throttle us.

Lovel. Faith ſome would think it much the eaſier if 'twere wide enough to draw both ways: But Madam, will you never be ſerious with me?

Carol. I know you cannot love me, ſhe's your delight.

Lov. Yes, yes, I delight in her as I do in the Tooth-Ach; I love her immoderately, as an Engliſh Taylor loves a French Taylor that's ſet up the next door to him.

Carol. Sir, to keep you no longer in ſuſpence, I am reſolv'd never to Marry without my Fathers Conſent.

Lov. Madam,

Lov. Madam, I'le not despair of obtaining that.

Carol. He has vow'd never to Marry me till he has dispos'd of my Elder Sister.

Lov. Will you assure me to make me happy when that's done?

Carol. I think I may safely promise any thing against that time; for as long as my Sister has these Melancholick Humours, she's far enough from that danger.

Lov. I'll warrant you I'll make a Match yet between *Stanford* and her.

Carol. That's impossible, unless you can alter their Natures; for though neither finds Impertinence in themselves, they'l find it in one another: besides, their very Principals are against all Society.

Lov. Well, Madam, I have a way to make 'em stark mad in Love with one another; or at least fetch 'em out of their Sullenness: We will perpetually bait 'em with our Fools, and by that we shall either plague 'em out of their humour, or at least make their fellow-sufferings be a means to endear 'em one to another. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Positive, Stanford, *and two* Clerks.

Sir. *Posit.* Now will I firk my two *Clerks.*

2. *Clerk.* But Sir, before we engage, I would satisfie my Conscience whether the Cause be just or no.

Stanf. Hang the Cause, we come to fight.

Sir *Posit.* Why I'll tell you the Cause, Sir.

Stanf. By no means, Sir *Positive*, we come to fight here, not to tell stories.

Sir *Posit.* We'll fight too; but by your leave I'll tell the Cause first, and you were my Father.

Stanf. Hold, Sir, think upon your Honour, this is no place for words; Let your Sword speak your mind.

Sir *Posit.* Sir, by your Pardon, I am resolv'd to satisfie 'em; no man in *England* knows how to manage these things better than my Self, take that from me.

Stanf. O horrid Impertinence, I fear these Fools Tongues more then I can their Swords.

Sir *Posit.* Sir, no man in *England* would put up this affront; Why look you, Sir, for him to sit in the Eighteen pence Gallery, pray mark me, and rail at my Play aloud the first day, and did all that lay in his power to damn it: And let me tell you, Sir, if in any Drammatick Poem there has been such Breaks, such Characters, such Figures, such Images, such Heroick Patterns, such Heights such Flights, such Intrigues, such Surprizes, such Fire, Salt, and Flame, then I am no Judge: I understand nothing in this World.

Stanf. What a cause his Valor has found out! and how he Cants too! What an Owl was I to come along with him! Sir *Positive* dispatch. Come, come, Gentlemen.

Sir *Posit.* Hold a little———

2. *Clerk.* Why look you Mr. *Timothy*, this is a very honest and ingenious Gentleman for ought I see.

1. *Clerk.* 'Tis true, I sate in the Eighteen Pence Gallery, but I was so far from Railing against your Play, that I cry'd it up as high as I could.

Sir Posit. How high did you cry it up?

1. *Clerk.* Why as high as the upper Gallery, I am sure of that.

Stanf. O Cowardly Curs! will they never fight? Ye lye, ye did Rail at his Play.

1 *Clerk.* Sir, I'll hold you twenty pound I dont lie; Sir, were you there? Did you hear me; This is the strangest thing in the World.

Stanf. Will nothing make these Rogues fight; You are both Rascally Cowards.

2. *Clerk.* 'Tis strange you should say so, you are very uncharitable Do you know either of us?

Stanf. Oh insufferable! what Sons of Whores has he pick'd up, and what an occasion too?

Sir *Posit.* Why do you say, you did not rail? Did not I sit just under you in the Pit?

2. *Clerk* Lord! Who would expect to see a poet in the Pit at his own Play.

Sir *Posit.* Did not you say, Fy upon't, that shall not pass?

Stanf. Gentlemen either Fight quickly.——sha

Sir *Posit.* Hold, hold, let him speak; What can you say? Do Gentlemen Write to oblige the World, and do such as you traduce e'm--ha——

1. *Clerk.* Sir, I'le tell you, you had made a Lady in your Play so unkind to her Lover (who methought was a very honest well meaning Gentleman) to command him to hang himself; said I then that shall not pass, thinking indeed the Gentleman would not have done it, but indeed did it, then said I, fy upon't that he should be so much over-taken.

Sir *Posit.* Overtaken! that's good 'ifaith, why you had as good call the Gentleman Fool: and 'tis the best Character in all my Play. D'ye think I'll put that up?

1. *Clerk.* Not I Sir, as I hope to live; I would not call the Gentleman fool for all the World, but 'tis strange a man must pay eighteen pence, and must not speak a word for't.

Sir *Posit.* Not when Gentlemen write; take that from me.

2. *Clerk.* No, I would they would let it alone then. (*Aside.*

Sir Posit. But *Stanford*, it would make an Author mad to see the Invincible Ignorance of this Age, now for him to hang himself at the Command of his Mistress there's the surprize, and I'le be content to hang my self, if ever that was shewn upon a Stage before, besides 'twas an Heroick *Cato*-like Action, and there's great Love and Honour to be shewn in a man hanging himself for his Mistress, take that from me.

Stanf. O horrid! this Magisterial Coxcomb will defend any thing.

Sir *Posit.* What do you think *Stanford*, you are a great Judge?

Stanf. I think a Halter is not so honourable as a Ponyard, and therefore not so fit to express Love and Honour with.

Sir. *Posit.* Ha, ha, ha, To see your mistake! now that's the only thing in the Play I took pains for, I could have made it otherwise with ease, but I will give you seventeen reasons why a Halter's better then a Ponyard. First, I'll shew you the posture of hanging, look, d'ye mind me? it is the posture of a Pensive dejected Lover with his hands before him, and his head aside thus.

Stanf. I would you had a Halter, you would demonstrate it more clearly.

Sir *Posit.* 'Faith, and would I had, I'de shew it you to the life But secondly

Stanf.

Stanf. Hold Sir—— I am convinced, to our fighting buſineſs again; but they have given you full ſatisfaction,
Let's away——

Sir *Poſit.* No, no, hold a little.

Stanf. A Curſe on him! did I leave *Emilia* for this?

Sir *Poſit.* Sir, if you'l ſet your hand to this Certificate, I'll be ſatisfy'd, otherwiſe you muſt take what follows.

1. *Clerk.* Sir! with all my heart, I'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Sir *Poſit.* I had this ready on purpoſe, for I was reſolv'd if we had fought, and I had diſarm'd him, I'de have made him do't before i'de have given him his life; how do you write your ſelf?

1. *Clerk.* *Timothy Scribble*, a Juſtice of Peace his Clerk.

Sir *Poſit.* Here read it, and ſet your hand to it.

1. *Clerk.* *reads.* I do acknowledge and firmly believe that the Play of Sir *Poſitive At-All* Knight, called the Lady in the Lobſter, notwithſtanding it was damn'd by the Malice of the Age, ſhall not only read, but it ſhall act with any of *Ben Johnſons*, and *Beaumont*'s and *Fletcher*'s Plays.

Sir *Poſit.* Hold, hold! I'll have *Shakſpeares* in, 'ſlife I had like to have forgot that.

1 *Clerk.* With all my Heart.

read. I do likewiſe hereby atteſt that he is no purloiner of other mens Works, the general fame and opinion notwithſtanding, and that he is a Poet, Mathematician, Divine, States man, Lawyer, Phiſician, Geographer, Muſician, and indeed a *Unus in Omnibus* through all Arts and Sciences, and hereunto I have ſet my hand the day of

1 *Clerk.* With all my heart.

Sir *Poſit.* Come Sir, do you Witneſs it.

2 *Clerk.* Ay Sir. (*he ſets his hand.*

Sir *Poſ.* In preſence of *Jacob Daſh.*

1 *Clerk.* Look you Sir, I write an indifferent good hand, if you have any occaſion to command me, inquire at the Stationers at *Furnivals-Inn.*—

Stanf. Why you impudent Raſcals! how dare you come into the Field? muſt I be diverted thus long by you? *Offers to kick 'em.*

Sir *Poſ.* Hold *Stanford!* I cannot in honour ſuffer that, now they are my Friends, and after this ſatisfaction I am bound in honour to defend 'em to the laſt drop of Blood.

Stanf. O intolerable!

1 *Clerk.* Sir! I pray be not angry! we did not come into the Field to fight, but Maſter *Daſh* and I came to play a match at Trap-ball for a Diſh of Stakes at Gloceſter hall, and here you found us.

Sir *Poſ.* Have you the Confidence to talk of Trap-ball before me? nay, now you are my Enemies agen: Hark you *Stanford*, I'll play with 'em both for 5000 *l.* why I was ſo eminent at it when I was a School-boy, that *I* was call'd *Trap Poſitive* all over the School.

Stanf. Then farewell good Sir *Poſitive Trap.*

Sir *Poſ.* Dear *Stanford* ſtay but one quarter of an hour, and you ſhall ſee how I'le diſhonour 'em both at Trap-ball ——— They talk of Trap-ball, ha, ha, ha,

Stanf. 'Slife what will become of me? out of the field you inconſiderable Raſcals. *Muſt* I be diverted thus by you—— (*They run out.*

(*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Emilia *and her Maid at one Door*, Ninny *and* Woodcock *at t'other.*

Emil. I thought we might have been free here: and here are theſe Puppys.

Wood. Let's aboard of 'em, who e're they are, ſa, la, la, how now Dear Hearts? by the L. *Harry* it's pity you ſhould walk without a Couple of Servants, here's a Couple of Bully-Rocks will ſerve your turn, as well as Two of Buckram, Dear Hearts.

Emil. O Heaven! (*Aſide.*

Luce. Gentlemen this is a very rude! we ſhall have them come ſhall thank you for't.

Ninny. As I hope to breath Ladies, you look the pretty'ſt in Vizard Masks of any Ladies in *England.*

Wood. And now you talk of Masks, I'll ſhow you an admirable Song upon a Vizard Mask, Dear Hearts, of Poet *Ninny*'s making.

Emil. Oh abominable Impudence!

Wood. But I muſt beg your pardon that I cannot ſing it, for I am hoarſe already with ſinging it to the Maids of Honour.

Luce. You ſing it to the Maids of Honour.

Wood. But if I had a Violin here, no man in *England* can expreſs any thing more luſciouſly upon that then my ſelf, ask *Ninny* elſe.

Ninny. Yes Ladies! he has great power upon the Violin, he has the beſt double Relliſh in Gam-ut of any man in *England*, but for the little finger on the left hand no man in *Europe* out does him.

Wood. You may believe him, Dear Hearts, for he's a great Judge of Muſick, and as pretty a Poet as ever writ Couplet.

Emil. O horrid! what's this? there's no way to ſcape, but to diſcover our ſelves. (*They pull off their Masks.*

Ninny. Emilia. What ſhall I do? I am undone, ſhee'l never own me agen.

Emil. Farewell you Baboons, and learn better manners.

Wood. 'Slife ſhee'l take me for a Whore-maſter, I am nipt in the very bloſſom of my hopes.

Ninny. For Heavens ſake, pardon me Madam.

Emil. Let me go.

Wood. No Madam, wee'l wait on your Ladyſhip home.

Emil. This is worſe and Worſe.

Enter Huffe.

Huff Heart! if I put up this, *I'*le give him leave to uſe me worſe then a Bayley that arreſts in the Inns of Court.

Wood. Why, what's the matter?

Huff. 'Slife, kick a man of honour as *I* am! I'll Piſtol him Piſſing againſt a Wall.

Luce. Ay then or never, to my knowledge.

Wood. What's the buſineſs Dear Heart, hah?

Huff. Sir, I'll tell you.

Emil. This is a lucky Occaſion. (*Ex. Emelia, Luce, Ninny,*

Ninny. Are you gone, I'll follow you? *Ex. Ninny.*

Huff. I had occasion for four or five Pieces to make up a Sum with,
And went to borrow it of him,
And he like an uncivil fellow as he was———

Wood. What did he?

Huff. Why I did but turn my back, and he like an ill-bred Sot, gives me a kick or two of the breech, *I'll* cut his throat if I should meet him in a Church.

Wood. This will be an ill busineſs; I am sorry for my Friend *Jack Stanford*——— for Master *Huffes* honour is disturb'd, and I fear (*Aside.* he'll revenge it bloodily, for he understands Punctilio's to a hair, but I'll endeavour to prevent it however.

Huffe. If he be above ground I'll cut's throat for't, I'll teach him to use a man of honour thus; if he had pleas'd he might have dealt with me at another rate, as I hope to live I had a fighting Sword by my side near six foot long at that very time, and he to kick a Man. P'shaw. He does not understand his busineſs, but I shall find him presently. (*Exit* Huffe.

Enter Ninny.

Ninn. Pox on it *Woodcock*, she would not let me go with her.

Wood. Prethee, Dear Heart, see if thou canst find *Jack Stanford* in the Fields, while I go and see if I can find him in the Town.

Ninn. What's the matter?

Wood. 'Tis a busineſs concerns his life, Dear Heart, ask no questions, but if you find him, bring him to the *Sun.* (*Exit.*

Ninn. What can this be?
But I'll go see if I can find him out,
So to be sure of what I'm now in doubt.

ACT IV.

Enter Lady Vaine *and* Carolina.

La. *Vaine.* COme Madam, I am not so blind, but I have discover'd something.

Carol. What have you discovered Madam?

La. *Vaine.* Let me tell you Madam, 'tis not for your honour to give meetings privately to Master *Lovel.*

Carol. Why Madam, if I should, are you concern'd in it?

La. *Vaine.* Yes, Madam, first in my good Wishes to your Ladyship, I would not have the World blame your Conduct, nor that you shou'd have the least blemish in your honour, but that your Fame and Virtue should continue unspotted and undefil'd as your Ladyships Beauty is.

Car. Fear not, Madam, I'll warrant you I'll secure my honour without your Instructions.

Enter Lovel *softly, and comes just behind them.*

La. Vaine. But, Madam, let me tell you agen, no Woman has really that right in Master *Lovel* that I have: But he's a false Wretch, Madam, he has no Religion in him, if he had any Conscience, or had used to have heard

heard Sermons, he would never have been ſo wicked and perfidious to a poor Innocent Woman as I am.

Lov. This is very fine i'faith—— (*To himſelf.*

La. *Vaine.* Madam, he proteſted all the honourable kindneſs in the World to me, and has receiv'd Favours from me, I ſhall not mention at this time, and now he has rais'd the ſiege from before me, and laid it to your Ladyſhip.

Car. I cannot imagine what you mean by this.

La. *Vaine.* And Madam to confeſs my Weakneſs to you, I muſt needs ſay, I love him of all men in the World.

Car. Well, Madam, ſince you do, I'll reſign my Intereſt in the Gentleman you ſpeak of, here he is.

La. *Vaine.* Oh Heaven! am I betrayed? well, *Madam*, I ſhall acquaint your Father with your Amour.

Lov. Hold, *Madam*, if you do, perhaps I may whiſper ſomething in Sir *Poſitive*'s ear.

La. *Vaine.* Sir! you will not be ſo ungenerous to boaſt of a Ladies kindneſs: if he ſhou'd ſay the leaſt thing in the World after my unhandſom leaving of him juſt now, it would incenſe him paſt reconciliation; what a confuſion am I in? (*Ex.* La. Vaine

Lov. Is not this very pleaſant, Madam?

Car. I wonder, Sir, after what has now paſt you have the confidence to look me in the face.

Lov. I like this raillery very well, Madam.

Car. I can aſſure you, you ſhall have no reaſon to think I rally with you.

Lov. Certainly you cannot be in earneſt.

Car. Upon my Word you ſhall find I am, I will have nothing to do with any man that's engag'd already.

Lov. You amaze me, Madam.

Car. I'll never ſee you more.

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. O friend! I'm glad I've found you.

Lov. I ſhall have no opportunity to appeaſe my Miſtreſs, If *I* do not get rid of him; but I have a trick for him (*Aſide.*

Stanf. Wou'd this woman were away, that I might acquaint you with the greateſt concernment I ever had.

Lov. Step into that Chamber quickly, and I'll get rid of her, and come to you———

Stanf. With all my heart—— (*Ex.* Stanford.

Lov. Certainly, Madam, you cannot know this Woman ſo little as to give her Credit? I'll tell you what ſhe is

Car. I am very glad I know you ſo well: Do you think I'll be put off with a Remnant of your Love?

Enter Roger.

Roger. O! Maſter *Lovel*! is my Maſter here? I have loſt him theſe two hours.

Lov. Ay, ay, but Madam, for Heavens ſake heare me!

Car.

Car. Trouble me no more —— } *Exit* Carolina, *Lovel follows her.*

Rog. Where is this Master of mine? I have been seeking him these two hours, and cannot light of him.

Enter Huffe.

Huffe. Oh *Roger!* where's your master?

Roger. O Sir! you shall excuse me for that.

Huffe. Preethee dear Rogue tell me, 'twill be better for thee.

Rog. No, no, that won't do, you were not so just to me last time.

Huffe. Upon my honour I was: Why shoud'st thou distrust thy friend?

Roger. Come Sir, don't think to Wheadle me at this rate!

Huff. I am a Son of a Whore if *I* was not just to you: but prethee bring me to him once more: I am sure to get money of him, and may I perish if I do not give you your share to a farthing.

Roger. Well! I'll trust you once more: go, and stay for me in the Hall, and I'll come to you when *I* have found my Master, who is somewhere in this house.

Huffe. Well! I'll wait for you—— *Exit.*

Rog. My comfort is, if he gets money I may have my share, if not, he ventures a kicking agen, and I venture nothing.

Enter Stanford *and* Emilia.

Rog. Oh! Sir! I have been seeking you these two hours, and here's Master *Lovel.* in the house.

Stanf. You Rascal, must you trouble me too? (*Offers to strike him.*

Emil. He does not trouble you more then you do me.

Stanf. Now you are like a young hound that runs away with a false scent.

Emil. For Heaven's sake leave me.

Stanf. Nay, This is like a Woman, to condemn a man unheard.

Emil. Must I be for ever pester'd with Impertinent people?

Stanf. If you were not so your self, you wou'd not think me so; but she that has the Yellow Jaundies thinks every thing yellow which she sees.

Emil. Is it possible you can have the impudence to endeavour to justifie your folly?

Stanf. Not that I care much for satisfying you, but to vindicate my self from the unjust aspersion: Know it was my honour oblig'd me to go along with that fool.

Emil. Out of my sight; Are you one of those Fops that talk of honour?

Stanf. Is that a thing so despicable with you? he ask'd me to be his second, which I cou'd not in honour refuse.

Emil. Granting that barbarous custom of Duels; Can any thing be so ridiculous, as to venture your life for another mans quarrel, right or wrong.

Stanf. I like this Woman more and more, like a Sot as I am; sure there is Witchcraft in't. (*Aside.*

Emil. But to do the greatest Act of Friendship in the World for the greatest Owl in Nature.

Enter Huffe.

Huffe. Oh *Mr. Stanford*, I have a business to impart to you.

Stanf. O insufferable! Have you the impudence to trouble me agen?

Emil.

Emil. I know not what's the matter, but I cannot but have some inclination to this fellow yet. (*Aside.*

Huffe. I am going into the City, where I shall have the rarest Bubble that ever man had; he was set me by a Renegado-Linnen-Draper, that fail'd last year in his Credit, and has now no other trade but to start the Game, whil'st we pursue the Chase. This is one of those fellows that draw in the Youth of the City into our Decoy, and perpetually walk up and down seeking for a Prey.

Stanf. Be gone! and leave me.

Huffe. But you know a man must have a little Gold to show, to baite the Rogues withal.

Stanf. Out, you unseasonable Rascal, I'll send you hence.—— Draws.

Huffe. Nay, 'tis not that Sir can fright me, but that I would not disturb the Lady, I'de make you know.

Stanf. You impudent Villain, I'll send you fur- } *Follows* Huffe, *and runs away huffing.*
ther.

Huff. Nay Sir, your humble Servant and you go to that, Sir; I care as little for a Sword, Sir, as any man upon Earth: I fear your Sword? Who dares say it? your Servant, your Servant.—— (*Ex.* Huffe.

Emil. This is not altogether so fooliſh as fighting in Sir *Poſitive*'s Quarrel.

Stanf. Sir *Poſitive*'s quarrel! 'twas in effect my own; for I was sure to meet with some impertinent Fellow or other for my Enemy, and was glad of this opportunity to vent my indignation upon one of those many that have tormented me; I had rather fight with them all, then converse with them.

Emil. But you may chuse whether you will do either.

Stanf. Yes, as much as chuse whether *I'll* breath or no.

Emil. But how could you be sure to meet with such an one?

Stanf. What a question is that? Is it not above 500 to one odds?

Emil. } I am glad he has brought himself well off, for I must like him:
Aside. } do what I can, he must be a man of sence: I must confess, the business is not altogether so ill as I imagin'd. (*To him.*

Stanf. Now Madam, who is *Impertinent*, you or I?

Emil. You are, to say the same thing twice to me.

Stanf. Well! this is a rare Woman: What a quick apprehension she has! I love her strangely, the more Coxcomb I, that *I* shou'd be drawn in, of all Men Living. (*Aside*

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. O Dear Heart, have I met with thee? I have been seeking thee all the Town over.

Stanf. Heart, What's this? I was going in great haste just as you came, adieu.

Wood. Ah dear *Jack*, I have not so little honour as to leave thee in this condition.

Stanf. Good Sir! What condition? I am not Drunk, am I?

Wood. No Gad, would it were no worse, Dear Heart.

Stanf. It cannot be worse, do not trouble me.

Wood.

Wood. No, I'll tell thee *Jack*; *Huffe* threatens thee to cut thy Throat where ever he meets thee; and *I* came my Dear Bully Rock to offer thee the Service of my ſword and arm. *Embraces and kiſſes him.*

Stanf. For Heavens ſake put not this upon me; Do you think he that would be kick'd without reſiſtance, dares do any thing?

Wood. But look you, Dear Heart, Lord this is the ſtrangeſt thing in the World, you had Ladies with you, and you know it had been an uncivil thing to have turn'd agen then *Jack*: But now he's reſolv'd to have ſatisfaction, he told me ſo; And if I can ſee as far into a Milſtone as another, he's no Bully Sandy.

Stanf. Trouble me no more: Be gone ——— ———.

Wood. Ay, ay, thou doſt this now to try whether I have ſo little honour as to quit thee, but it won't paſs; my dear Raſcal, kiſs me, I'll live and dye with thee.

Stanf. Sir, let me tell you, this is very rude: and upon my word I have no quarrel, unleſs you'l force one upon me.

Emil. Still do I like this man better and better. —— (*Aſide.*

Wood. Nay, then I ſmell a Rat.—Farewell *Jack*. Servant, Dear Hearts. (*Ex.* Woodcock.

Enter Lovel, Carolina, Roger.

Car. But, are you ſure my Lady *Vaine* is ſuch a one?

Lov. Yes, that *I* am, my little peeviſh Jealous Miſtreſs.

Car. Yes, yes, I have reaſon to be jealous of ſuch a Treaſure as you are: But pray, to ſatisfie a little ſcruple I have, ſee her no more.

Stanf. We had beſt change the Scene, I think, what if you ſhou'd walk out a little?

Emil. I care not much if I do.

Stanf. I cou'd find in my heart to go along with you.

Emil. Yes, and leave me again for your honour forſooth.

Stanf. How devilliſhly impertinent is this, for you to harp upon one ſtring ſtill!

Lov. Let's purſue our deſign.

Enter Sir Poſitive.

Car. Agreed: And to our wiſh here comes my Couſin *Poſitive*.

Sir *Poſit.* Oh! Have *I* found you? I'll tell you the pleaſant'ſt thing in the World.

Stanf. Sir, I am juſt now going to a Lawyer of the Temple to ask his Counſel.

Sir *Poſ.* P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw; ſave thy Money, what need'ſt thou do that? I'll do it for you; why I have more Law, then ever *Coke* upon *Littleton* had; you muſt know, *I* am ſo eminent at that, that the greateſt Lawyers in *England* come to me for advice in matters of difficulty: Come, ſtate your Caſe, let's hear't, Come—— Hold, hold Couſin, Whither are you going? [Emilia *offers to go out.*

Emil. Let me go, I am going in haſte to beſpeak a Seal.

Sir *Poſ.* A Seal? Why do'ſt thou know what thou do'ſt now? To go about that without my advice: Well, I have given *Symons* and all of 'em ſuch.

ſuch Leſſions, as I have made e'm ſtand in admiration of my Judgment: Do you know that I'll cut a Seal with any Man in *England* for a thouſand Pound?

Roger. I have my Leſſon, I'll warrant you I'll do it. (*Exit.*

Emil. O Heav'n!

I muſt go now to beſpeake it; I am to ſend it immediately to my Siſter at the Engliſh Nunnery in *Bruges*.

Sir *Poſ.* *Bruges*! ah dear *Bruges*; now you talk of *Bruges*, I am writing this night to *Caſtel Roderigo*, you muſt know I have thought of their Affairs, and conſider'd e'm thoroughly; and juſt this very After-noon I have found out ſuch a way for them to preſerve *Flanders* from the *French*, I defie all Mankind for ſuch an Invention; and *I* think *I* offer him very fair, if he will let me divide the Government with him, I'll do it; otherwiſe if *Flanders* be loſt, 'tis none of my fault.

Lov. What is your deſign, Sir *Poſitive*?

Stanf. That thou ſhould'ſt be ſo very ſoppiſh to ask queſtions!

Sir *Poſ.* I'll tell you, I will this year, pray mark me, I will bring 100000 Men in the Field, d'ye ſee.

Car. But, where will you have theſe Men, Couſin?

Sir *Poſ.* Have e'm, P'ſhaw p'ſhaw, let me alone for that; I tell thee *Stanford*, I will bring 100000 Men into the Field, 60000 in one Compleat body, and 40000 for a flying Army, with which *I* will enter into the very Body of all *France*.

Stanf. O Devil! I had rather *Flanders* ſhou'd be loſt, then hear any more on't.

Sir *Poſ.* But this would ſignifie nothing, unleſs it were done by one that underſtands the conduct of an Army, which if I do not, let the World Judge: but to ſatisfie you, I'll tell you what I'll do, pray mark me, *I* will take threeſcore thouſand Spaniſh Soldiers, and fight with 60000 *French*, and cut e'm off every Man: pray obſerve one, this is demonſtration; then will I take thoſe very numerical Individual *Frenchmen* I ſpoke of.

Stanf. What, after you have cut e'm off every man?

Sir *Poſ.* Piſh; What doeſt talk Man? What's matter whether it be before or after, that's not the point; P'ſhaw, prethee don't thee trouble thy ſelf for that, I'll do't man; I will take thoſe very 60000 *French*, and fight with a *Spaniſh* Army of 100000, and by my extraordinary Conduct deſtroy e'm all, this is demonſtration, nothing can be plainer then this; by this you may gueſs whether I may not be a conſiderable Man to that Nation or no. ——— Nay, more then that, I'll undertake if I were in *Candia*, the Grand Vizier would ſooner expoſe himſelf to the fury of the *Janizaries*, then beſiege the Town while I were in't.

Emil. I cannot tell whether I am more tormented with Sir *Poſitive*, or pleas'd with *Stanford*, he is an extraordinary man. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Poſ.* But as *I* was ſaying, Couſin *Emilia*; I will have 100000 men in the Field, and I will man the Garriſons to the full: beſides, pray obſerve, I will have an infinite ſtore of Proviſion every where, and pay all my Souldiers to a penny duly.

Car.

Car. But where's the Money to do this Couſin?

Emil. What ſhall *I* do? Whither ſhall I turn me?

Stanf. Ah Dear *Emilia*!

Sir *Poſ.* Where's the Money? that's a good one Faith —— Prethee dear Couſin do thou mind thy Guittar; thou doſt not underſtand theſe things.

Stanf. I am ſure I underſtand you to be the greateſt Coxcomb in Nature.

Sir *Poſ.* Then I will make you me a League Offenſive and Defenſive with the King of *England*, the Emperor and Princes of *Germany*, the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, the Kings of *Portugal* and *Poland*, *Preſter John*, and the Great *Cham*, the *States of Holland*, the Grand Duke of *Muſcovy*, the *Great Turk*, with two or three Chriſtian Princes more, that ſhall be nameleſs; and if with that Army, Proviſion and alliance, I do not do the buſineſs, I am no Judge, I underſtand nothing in the World.

Enter Roger.

Roger. O Sir *Poſitive*! My Lady *Vaine* wou'd ſpeak with you at your Lodging immediately.

Sir *Poſ.* Cods my life-kins, *Stanford*, I am heartily ſorry I muſt leave you.

Stanf. So am not I.

Sir *Poſ.* *I* beg your pardon a thouſand times. I vow to Gad I wou'd not leave you but upon this occaſion.

Emil. How glad am I of the occaſion!

Sir *Poſitive going, returns in haſte.* Well! I hope you'l be ſo kind to believe, that nothing but my Duty to my Miſtreſs ſhou'd have made me part with you thus rudely.

Stanf. O yes! we do believe it.

Sir *Poſit.* But hark you Couſin, and *Stanford*, you muſt promiſe me not to take it ill, as I hope to breath I mean no incivility in the World.

Emil. Oh no, no, by no means.

Sir *Poſit.* Your Servant —— (*Exit* Sir Poſitive.

Carol. Come, *Lovel*, let's follow him, and either prepare him, or find out ſome others for a freſh encounter.

Lov. Allon's, but be ſure, *Roger*, you forget not what I ſaid to you—

(*Ex.* Lov. Carolina.

Rog. I will not, Sir.

Stanf. How courteouſly he excus'd himſelf, for not tormenting us more!

Emil. This is the firſt good turn my Lady *Vaine* e're did me.

Rog. No, Madam, this was my ingenuity; I ne're ſaw my Lady *Vaine*, nor do I know where ſhe is. (Sir Poſitive *returns.*

Sir *Poſit.* Couſin and Mr. *Stanford*, I have conſider'd on't, and I vow to Gad I am ſo afraid you'l take it ill, that rather than diſoblige you, I'll put it off.

Stanf. O no Sir, by no means; 'twould be the rudeſt thing in the World to diſobey your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Poſit.* Nay, Faith I ſee thou art angry now, prethee don't trouble thy ſelf, I'll ſtay with thee

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! this is beyond all ſufferance.

Emil. Let me adviſe you by all means to go to your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Poſit.* Well! if you won't take it ill, I'll go; adieu.

(*Exit* Sir Poſit.

Enter Woodcock, Serjeant, *and* Muſquetiers.

Wood. That's he, ſeize him.

Serje. Sir, by your leave, you muſt go to the Captain of the Guard.

Stanf. O intolerable! What's the matter now?

Serjeant. I do not know, but I gueſs 'tis upon a quarrel betwixt you and one Lieutenant *Huffe.*

Stanf. Was ever any thing ſo unfortunate as this? Can't you defer't an hour?

Serje. I am commanded by my Officer, and dare not diſobey.

Stanf. How loath am I to leave this Woman! there is ſomething extraordinary in this —— Madam, I am willing enough to ſtay with you, but you ſee I am forced away: —— ſtay you here *Roger.*

(*Exit with* Serjeant *and* Muſquetiers.

Emil What an unlucky accident is this? but my misfortunes never fail me.—— *Exit.*

Wood. So he's ſafe, and I have done what I in honour ought to do; and now honeſt *Roger*, my dear Bully-Rock, I'll ſtay with the, prethee kiſs me, thou art the honeſteſt Fellow in the World.

Roger. Sir, I am glad I can repay your Commendations; I have the beſt news for ye that ever you heard in your life.

Wood. Me! What is't Dear Heart?

Roger. Why, I'll tell you, the Lady *Emilia* is in Love with you.

Wood. In love with me, fy, fy! Pox on't, what a Wheadling Rogue art thou now? Why ſhould'ſt thou put this upon thy Friend now?

Roger. Sir, this ſuſpition of yours is very injurious: Let me tell you, that, I am ſure I have not deſerv'd it from you, Sir.

Wood. Nay, I muſt confeſs, I have always found thee an honeſt Fellow, Dear Heart; but a Pox on't, ſhe can't love me: P'ſhaw me? What, what can ſhe ſee in me to love me for? no, no.

Roger. Sir, upon my life, it's true.

Wood. Ha, ha, Dear Raſcal, kiſs me; the truth on't is, I have thought ſome ſuch thing a pretty while, but how the Devil com'ſt thou to find it out? On my Conſcience thou art a Witch.

Roger. O Sir! I am great with her Maid *Luce*, and ſhe told me her Lady fell in love with you for ſinging, ſhe ſays you have the ſweeteſt Voice, and the delicateſt Method in ſinging of any man in *England.*

Wood. As Gad ſhall ſa'me, ſhe is a very ingenious Woman; Dear Dog, Honeſt Raſcal here, here's for thy News, I'll go in and give her a Song immediately—— —— *Exit.*

Roger. How greedily he ſwallows the bait! But theſe ſelf-conceited Idiots can never know when they are wheadl'd.

Enter Lovel *and* Ninny.

Nin. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw, ad'au'tre, ad'au'tre, I can't abide you ſhou'd put your tricks upon me.

Lov.

Lov. Come, *Ninny*, leave Fooling, you know I ſcorn it; I have always dealt faithfully with you.

Nin. } I muſt confeſs he has always commended my Poems, that's the
aſide. } truth on't: But I am afraid this is impoſſible.
Don't Wheadle your friend.

Lov. I ſhall be angry Sir, if you diſtruſt me longer.
You may neglect this opportunity of raiſing your ſelf,
Do, but perhaps you may never have ſuch another.

Nin. Nay but dear Sir, ſpeak! are you in Earneſt?

Lov. Do you intend to affront me? you had as good give me the lye.

Nin. No, dear Sir, I beg your pardon for that, I believe you,
But how came you to know it?

Lov. Her Siſter *Carolina* told me ſo, and that ſhe fell in love with you for reading a Copy of your own Verſes: ſhe ſays you read Heroick Verſe with the beſt Grace of any man in *England*.

Nin. Before *George* ſhe's in the right of that, but Sir——

Lov. 'Slife ask no more queſtions, but to her and ſtrike while the Iron's hot: have you done your buſineſs, *Roger*?

Roger. Moſt dextrouſly, Sir.

Lov. Let's away—— (*Ex. Lov. and* Roger.

Nin. Love me? I am o'rejoy'd, I am ſure I have lov'd her a great while.

Enter Emilia, Woodcock *following her ſinging.*

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. Heav'n! this will diſtract me; what a vile noiſe he makes, worſe than the Creaking of a Barn door, or a Coach-wheel ungreas'd.

Wood. This is damn'd unlucky, that he ſhou'd be here to hinder my deſign: (*Aſide.*

Nin. What a Pox makes him here? But I'll on in my buſineſs, Madam, I'll ſpeak you a Copy of Verſes of my own that have a great deal of mettle and ſoul, and flame in 'em.

Emil. But I will not hear 'em, Sir.

Wood. Alas poor fool! he hopes to pleaſe her, but it won't do, ha, ha, ha. (*Aſide.*

Nin. What the Devil can ſhe mean by this, ſure ſhe can't be in Earneſt? No, I have found it: Ay, ay, it muſt be ſo, ſhe wou'd not have me ſpeak before him, becauſe ſhe wou'd not have him take notice of her paſſion, but what care I——— (*Aſide.*

(*He offers to rehearſe.*

Wood. Prethee *Ninny* don't trouble the Lady with your Verſes.

Ninn. Well, Well! Can't you let it alone——

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. What horrid Noiſe is this you make in my ears? ſhall I never be free?

Nin. Alas poor Coxcomb! he hopes to pleaſe her with his Voice: No, no, he may ſpare his pains —— I am the man. (*Aſide.*

Wood. What a pox ails ſhe? She's damnably out of humour, what ere's the matter; I am ſure *Roger* wou'd not deceive me of all men: What an

Ass am I, that I shou'd not find it? she's afraid my singing will encourage him to trouble her; or else she would not have him perceive her kindness———— (*Aside.*

Emil. Sure all the world conspires against me this day.

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c. } Wood. *sings all the while*

Ninny reads. } *My Love to that prodigious height does rise,* } Ninny *repeats.*

'Tis worthy of my heart and of your Eyes:
First of my heart, which being subdued by you,
Must for that Reason be both strong and true;
Then of your Eyes which Conquerors must subdue:
And make 'em be both slaves and freemen too;
Your Eyes which do both dazle, and delight,
And are at once the Joy, and grief of sight.
Love that is worthy of your Face and Fame
May be a glory, but can be no shame:
My heart by being overcome does stronger prove,
Strenght makes us yield unto your eyes and Love:
In this my heart is strong, because 'tis weak,
This, though I hold my peace, my Love will speak,
Silence can do more then e're Speech did do,
For humble silence does do more then wooe;
Under the Rose, which being the sweetest flower
Shows silence in us has then Speech more power.

Ninny. Why, what a damd'd Noise does he make! Pox take me Madam, if one can be heard for him; Can't you let one alone with one's Verses trow?

Wood. Poor fellow! alas! he little thinks why I sing now. (*Aside.*

Ninny. If he thought how pleasant my rehearsing were to her, sure he wou'd not be so rude, but Mum for that. (*Aside.*

Enter Luce.

Luce. O Madam! your Father's come to Town, and has brought a Country Gentleman to come a wooing to you: He sent his man before-hand to know if you were within, and one of the servants unluckily inform'd him before I cou'd see him: He says he's the most down-right pladding Gentleman the Countrey can afford.

Emil. What will become of me? is there no mercy in store for me?

Wood. Is he coming——nay then——hem——hem. } *They both take hold of* Emilia, *and hold her by force, and sing and repeat as fast again as they did before.*

Ninny. I'll make haste before he comes to hinder me.

Emil. For Heaven sake let me go.

Wood { Sing } together.

Nin. { Repeat }

Emil. Oh, hold, hold, hold! I faint if you give not over.

Wood. What a Devil does she mean by this? I am sure she loves me; but perhaps

perhaps rather then endure the trouble of his Noiſe, ſhe's willing to diſpenſe with the pleaſure of my Voice.

Ninny. A poiſe take this *Woodcock*, that he ſhou'd anger this Lady, as I hope to live he's a very impertinent fellow, for though ſhe was troubled at him, I perceiv'd ſhe was tranſported with me.

Emil. It muſt be ſo, I muſt do ill that good may come on't: This Country-fellow will be the worſt plague of all, ſince he has my Fathers Authority to back him, I muſt be force'd to ſubdue my own Nature, and flatter theſe Coxcombs to get rid of him, for they are ſo impudent they'l drive him from hence——

Enter Stanford, *and over-hears.*

Wood. Madam, let me ask you in private, how did you like my Song, ſpeak boldly Madam, *Ninny* does not hear, Dear heart?

Emil. I muſt needs like it, Sir, or betray my own Judgment.

Wood. Ah, Dear *Roger!* thou art a made man for ever. (*Aſide.* I am the man———

Stanf. What's this I hear? (*To himſelf.*

Ninny. How did you like my Verſes, Madam?

Emil. So well Sir, that I hope you will let me hear 'em often; What am I reduc'd to?

Stanf. Oh Devil, what's this?

Ninny. How happy ſhall I be? the truth is I did perceive you were troubl'd at *Woodcock*'s ſenſeleſs Song, how we wou'd enjoy our ſelves if he were gone!

Stanf Is it poſſible I ſhou'd be deceiv'd ſo much?

Wood. I'll tell thee, Dear Heart, if thou beeſt troubled at *Ninny*'s Rimes, upon my honour I'll beat the Rogue.

Enter Father *and* Countrey Gentleman.

Father. This is ſhe, Sir.

Coun. Gent. Your ſervant, Madam.

Stanf. 'Death, ſhe is a very Goſſip, and Converſes with all ſort of Fools not only with patience, but with pleaſure too; how civilly ſhe entertains them! That I ſhou'd be ſuch an Owl to think there could be a woman not Impertinent, I have not patience to look upon her longer.——— (*Ex.*

Wood. It won't do *Ninny*, her Father little thinks ſhe's ingag'd, Dear Heart.

Ninny. No, no, her Father little thinks ſhe's ingag'd, nor you neither to whom——ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh to think how this Country Gentleman will be bob'd, *Woodcock.* *Aſide.*

Wood. He may go down, *Ninny*, like an Aſs as he came, ſhee'l ſend him down with a flea in's ear, take that from me.

Ninny. What a poiſe! he does not know ſhe love me, does he? (*Aſide.*

Wood. Poor Fool! I pity him: ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. So do I, alack, alack.

Coun. Gent. Madam, I am but juſt now come to Town, you ſee my Boots are dirty ſtill, but I make bold as the ſaying is.

Emil. More bold then welcome, I aſſure you Sir.

Coun. Gent.

Coun. Gent. Thank you good sweet Madam; this is the most obliging Gentlewoman that ever was ———

Fath. By this he shews the impatience of his Love (Daughter.)

Wood. Madam, I am a Son of a Whore, if I have not the best Song upon that Subject, that ever you heard in your life.

Ninny. Before *George* Madam, I'll repeat you a Copy of Verses of my own, ten times better than his Song.

Wood. You are an impudent Coxcomb to say so, Dear Heart, And ye lye, and I am satisfy'd.

Ninny. Do I so, Madam? do but you judge.

Fath. What can this mean? they are both mad.

Sing and repeat together ——

Ninny repeats. *I am so impatient for to go to my Dear.*
That I run headlong without Wit or fear.

Wood. sings.
My Love is cruel grown,
For to leave me all alone,
Thus for to sing and moan
Ah woe is me!

Peace, Coxcomb, peace (*spoke.*
But I'll strive to find
My Love, though she's unkind
So far to ease my mind.
Oh woe is me!
Hay ho, hay ho, my Love,
Who so Cruel as Jenny *to me.*

Ninny. What an impertinent Fellow are you?

Woodcock. cannot you let one alone;

Repeats. *So great the power of our Love is now,*
We can't perswade it reason for to allow.
Strange Miracle of Cytherea's *force,*
For to transform a man into a Horse.

They offer to sing and repeat again.

Fath. Hold, hold, are you both mad, is the Devil in you? if he be, I shall have them will conjure him out of you Come out you Coxcombs, or I'll drive you out.—— (*Ex.* Father, Ninny *and* Woodcock.

Coun. Gent. These Gentlemen are as mad are March-Hares, Madam, as the saying is, but to our business, I had not the power as I was a saying, to keep from you longer, Lady, not so much as a pissing while, d'ye see! for Cat will to kind, as the saying is.

Luce. Oh Sir, you complement, you are an absolute Country Courtier.

Coun. Gent. Who I? alas not I, in sober sadness, we that live in the Countrey are right down d'ye see, we call a Spade a Spade, as the saying is, for our part.

Luce. You do well Sir, for hypocrisie is an abominable vice.

Coun. Gent. 'Tis indeed to be a Pharisy and carry two faces in a Hood, as the saying is.

Emil. Now I wish my t'other two Fools would come back and drive away this.

Luce. I perceive you are very good at Proverbs, Sir, don't you use to play at that sport with the Countrey Gentlewomen?

Coun. Gent. O yes, I am old dog at that, I am too hard for 'em all at it, d'ye see.

d'ye ſee. (*To* Emilia.

But Madam now we talk of the Countrey, how do you think you can like a Countrey life?

Emil. O rarely! I can't chuſe, to fill ones belly with Curds and Cream, and ſtew'd Prunes, to eat Honey-comb, and Raſhers of Bacon at poor Neighbours Houſes, and riſe by five a clock in the Morning to look to my dairy.

Coun. Gent. O rare! how we ſhall cotten together, as the ſaying is! I love a good Huſwife with all my heart; but Madam, I have a caſt of Hawks, and five couples of Spaniels too; oh Madam, if you ſaw my beloved Bitch *Venus*, you would be in love with her, ſhe's the beſt at a Retrieve of any Bitch in *England*, d'ye ſee.

Emil. Is he here? this is Heaven to me to ſee him after my late afflictions. (*Aſide.*

Enter Stanford *and* Roger.

To the Coun. Gent.] Sir I have ſome buſineſs will engage me half an hour, pray will you avoid my ſight in the mean time.

Coun. Gent. I will forſooth, I'll go ſee my horſes fed the while.

Emil. This is a modeſter Fool then the others I am troubled with, but if my father had been here, I ſhou'd not ſo eaſily have got rid of him——

——What are you come agen? (*To* Stanford.

Stanf. Ay, ay, too ſoon I am ſure.

Emil. Are you not very foppiſh that you did ſtay longer then;

Stanf. This accuſation becomes you well indeed.

Emil. Why not Sir?

Stanf. Alas you are not Impertinent, no, no, not you!

Emil. I am ſure you are: What can this mean?

Stanf. You were never pleas'd with *Woodcocks* damn'd voice yet, nor *Ninny*'s ridiculous Poetry, not you?

Emil. Not more, than your ſelf.

Stanf. No, no, you were not pleas'd with them, you did not praiſe 'em, nor entertain the other two fools with kindneſs, no, not you?

Emil. What a ridiculous thing 'twas of you not to tell me this in one word?

Oh Heaven! are they here!

Stanf. How ſoon you can counterfeit the humour.

Enter Sir Poſitive *and Lady* Vaine.

Sir *Poſ.* You ſee, I am as good as my word, *Stanford.*

La. *Vaine.* You ſee, Madam, how ready I am to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Emil. Ay, to my coſt I thank you.

Stanf. She thinks I am ſo eaſily bit as to take this for a ſatisfaction, but I am too old to be deceiv'd again. (*Aſide.*

Enter Lovel *and* Carolina.

Lov. Now Madam to our buſineſs, if we don't put 'em out of this humour 'tis ſtrange.

Car. However let's uſe our lawful Endeavours towards it.

Enter Woodcock *and* Ninny.

Wood. and *Ninny* } Sing Repeat } together.

Wood. 'Slife Sir, I'll teach you to trouble this Lady with your pitiful Rhimes.

Ninny. You teach me? nay, if you provoke me before Company you shall find me a Lion——— (*They draw.*

Wood. Have at you dear heart.

Sir *Pos.* Hold *Woodcock*! why shou'd you disparage Poet *Ninny*, He's a man of admirable Parts, and as cunning a fellow, between you and I *Stanford*, I believe he's a Jesuite, but I am sure he is a Jansenist.

Wood. He a Jesuite, that understands neither Greek nor Latine?

Sir *Pos.* Now he talks of that *Stanford*, I'll tell thee what a Master I am of those Languages; I have found out in the Progress of my Study, I must confess with some diligence, four and twenty Greek and Latin words for Black-puddings and Sausages.

Wood. Think to huff me? I cou'd show you a matter of 200 Wounds I got when I was a Volunteer aboard the *Cambridge*, Dear Heart, wou'd make you swoon to look upon 'em.

Sir *Pos.* *Cambridge*, well, that *Cambridge* is a good ship, and do you know, *Stanford*, that I understand a Ship better then any thing in the World?

Stanf. Do you speak, Madam, you are pleas'd with this——*To* Emilia.

Emil. Methinks you are as troublesom as he.

Sir *Pos.* You may talk of your *Petts* and your *Deanes*, I'll build a Ship with any of them for 10000 pound.

Emil. What will become of me? for if I should go, they would follow me.

Lovel. This is extreamly well painted——(*Shews a Picture to* Carolina.

Sir *Pos.* Painted? Why? Do you understand Painting?

Lovel. Not I, Sir.

Sir *Pos.* I do; if you please leave that to me: 'Tis true, *Minhael Angelo*, *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Tintaret*, and *Julio Romano*, and *Paulo Veroneſe*, were very pretty hopeful Men; but I wou'd you saw a Piece of mine, I shew'd you my *Magdalen*, *Emilia*, and I protest I drew that in half an hour.

Emil. O! What shall I do to get rid of all these Tormenters?

Stanf. I cannot but like this Woman yet, what ere's the matter: and yet I am sure she is impertinent (*Aside.*

Sir *Posit.* Let me see *H H.*—Oh Dear! Hans Holbin, here are Stroaks, here's Mastery; well, no man in *England* shall deceive me in Hans Holbins hand, take that from me.

La. *Vaine.* } O, my Conscience, Madam, this Gentleman understands
to *Emilia.* } every thing in the World.

Carol. In good earnest, *Lovel*, that's very pleasant, Hans Holbin! why 'tis a new Sign for my Landlord, finish'd but yesterday, that cost him a Noble the painting, done by a Fellow that paints Posts and Rails, one *Humphrey Hobson*, and he calls him Hans Holbin.

Roger.

Roger. Indeed Mr. *Woodcock*, fifty miles in a day was well run.

Wood. 'Ifaith was't, Dear Heart.

Sir *Posit.* Run? why, Why will you pretend to running in my Company? you run! why I have run sixty miles in a day by a Ladies Coach, that I fell in Love withal in the streets, just as she was going out of Town, *Stanford*; and yet I vow to thee I was not breath'd at all that time.

Lovel to *Carol.* There's Knight *Errantry* for you, Madam, let any of your Romances match me that now.

Wood. to La. *Vaine.* 'Tis true, Madam, Sir *Positive* and Poet *Ninny* are excellent men, and brave Bully-Rocks; but they must grant, that neither of 'em understand Mathematicks but my self.

Sir *Posit.* Mathematicks? why, Who's that talks of Mathematicks? Let 'em alone, let 'em alone: Now you shall see, *Stanford.*

Wood. Why, 'twas I, Dear Heart.

Sir *Posit.* I Dear Heart, quoth'a? I don't think you understand the principles on't; o' my Conscience you are scarce come so far yet as the squaring of the Circle, or finding out the Longitude Mathematicks: Why this is the only thing I value my self upon in the World, Cousin *Emilia.*

Emil. Heaven! deliver me.

Stanf. Curse on 'em all—Well, there must be something more in this Woman than *I* imagine.

Ninny to *Emilia.* No man in *England* plays better upon the Cittern than I do, ask *George* my Barber else, Madam he's a great Judge.

Sir *Pos.* Cittern, Cittern! Who nam'd a Cittern there? Who was't? Who was't?

Nin. Now am I afraid to speak to him, he does so snub one: 'Twas I and please you, Sir *Positive.*

Sir *Pos.* You talk of a Cittern before me? when I invented the Instrument.

Lov. Woodcock—— Stand up to him in Mathematicks; to him.

Wood. Say you so? well then, by the Lord *Harry*, Sir *Positive*, I do understand Mathematicks better than you; and I lie over against the Rose-Tavern in *Covent-Garden*, Dear Heart.

Sir *Pos.* I will justify with my Sword, that you understand nothing at all on't —— Draw.

Wood. Nay, hold, hold, I have done Bully-Rock, if you be so angry; but it's a hard case you won't give a Man leave to understand a little Mathematicks in your Company, Dear Heart.

Sir *Pos.* Pox on't, I have told thee often enough of this, thou wilt still be putting thy self forward to things thou dost not understand.

Emil. This Impudence is beyond all example, and there is no possibility of getting from them.

Car. I'll tell you one thing, Cousin, you cannot understand.

Sir *Pos.* I'll be hang'd then.

Car. You cannot Cheat at Dice.

Sir *Pos.* Ha, ha; Why you don't know me sure, you never heard of me.

Lov. Metaphysicks.

Sir *Pos.* Faith, well thought on, *Lovel*, prithee put me in mind of that

Preſently, if *I* don't give you that account of Metaphyſicks ſhall make you ſtare agen, cut my throat: But as I hope to live, *Stanford*, 'tis a ſtrange thing *Carolina* ſhou'd be ſo neer a Kin to me, and not know me! Falſe Dice, I have ſpent my time very well indeed, if any man out-does me in that; for your Goads, your High Fullams, and Low Fullams, your Cater-Deuſe-Ace, and your Siſe-Cater-Deuſe, your Cinque-Trey-Ace, your Barr-Cater-Trey, your Barr-Cinque-Deuſe, your Barr-Siſe-Ace, and all that, when I have ſtudy'd 'em theſe ſixteen years —— Couſin *Emilia*, you know this, don't you?

Emil. Oh horrid! What will become of me?

Stanf. Sure I was miſtaken, for this muſt be a Woman of ſence, I love her extreamly, I wou'd I did not.

Sir *Poſit.* But what was that *Lovel*, I deſir'd you to put me in mind of?

Lov. Leger-de main.

Sir *Poſ.* Good, there 'tis now; I had thought I had kept that quality to my ſelf of all things in the World: ſure the Devil muſt help thee, *Lovel*, How cou'dſt thou come to know that I underſtood Leger-de-main elſe? why, I'll perform all Tricks of Leger-de-main with any man in *England*, let him be what he will; For the Cups and Balls, *Jack*-in-a-Pulpit, S. *Andrews*-Croſs.

Car. Undoubtedly, *Lovel*, Cardinal *Mazarine* was a great States-man.

Sir *Poſ.* States-man do you ſay? Cardinal *Mazarine* a States-man? well, I will ſay nothing of my ſelf for that; no, I am no States-man: But: you may pleaſe to remember, who was bob'd at *Oſtend*, ha, ha, What ſay you *Stanford*?

Emil. O Heavens! can you contrive no way of eſcaping?

Stanf. Let's e'ne try what we can do, for we had better be with one another, than with theſe Fools.

Sir *Poſ.* Betwixt you and I, I was the Man that manag'd all this buſineſs againſt him.

La. *Vaine.* Good lack a day, Madam, this Gentleman has a bottomleſs underſtanding.

Ninny. He's a very rare Man, and has great power and imagination.

Wood. As any Man in *Europe*, Dear Heart.

Sir *Poſ.* This very thing has made me ſo famous all over *Europe*, that I may be at this Inſtant Chief Miniſter of State in *Ruſſia*, but the truth on't is, *Stanford*, I expect that neerer home.

Rog. *Jacob Hall*'s a moſt admirable Rope-Dancer, Mr. *Woodcock*,

Sir *Poſ.* Honeſt *Roger*! How the Devil cou'dſt thou find me out in that, *Jacob Hall* has told thee, has he not? I thought he would have kept that to himſelf; but I taught him, nay, I taught the *Turk* himſelf.

Lov. Hey, from a States-man to a Rope-Dancer, What a leap was there?

Car. My *Maid* is excellent at Paſtry.

Sir *Poſ.* Ha, why there 'tis; now upon my Honour I underſtand this ten times better then any thing I have ſpoke of yet! Paſtry, why, the Devil take me if I would not be content never to eat Pye but of my own making as long as I live; I'll tell you, when I was but four years old, I had

ſo rich

ſo rich a fancy, and made ſuch extraordinary dirt-Pies, that the moſt eminent Cooks in all *London*, wou'd come and obſerve me, to ſteal from me.

La. *Vain.* I beſeech you, Madam *Emilia*, take notice of Sir *Poſitive*, he is a Prodigy of underſtanding.

Sir. *Poſ.* Ah Madam, 'tis your pleaſure to ſay ſo; but 'twas this made me Skilful in the Art of Building, which is the onely Art I am proud of in the World; I'll tell you *Stanford*, I have ſeveenteen Models of the City of *London* of my own making, and the worſt of 'em makes *London* an other-gueſs *London* than 'tis like to be; but no man in *England* has thoſe Models of Houſes that I have.

Stanf. This affliction is beyond all example; why the Devil do'ſt thou provoke him to this?

Lov. Were it not a ridiculous thing of me not to pleaſe my ſelf?

Stanf. That's true; but, What will become of us in the mean time?

Emil. Heaven knows this door's lock'd, and there's no eſcaping at the other.

Sir *Poſ.* I'll tell you, Madam, the other day a damn'd old Rat eat me up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Chamber worth Fifty pound.

Car. A Rat eat up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Room, How cou'd that be?

Emil. O fy ſiſter, it's no matter how? why will you ask him?

Sir *Poſ.* Why, I make all my Models of Houſes in Paſte; I vow to Gad I am aſham'd to tell you how much it coſts me a year in Milk Meal, Eggs and Butter.

La. *Vain.* Dear Sir *Poſitive*, I think you underſtand more then ever *Solomon* did.

Sir *Poſ.* No, no, Madam, alas not I, I underſtand little, but I'll tell you, Madam, what was ſaid of me the other day, by ſome great perſons that ſhall be nameleſs.

La. *Vain.* What was that, Sir?

Sir *Poſ.* That I was a man of the moſt univerſal knowledge of any man in *England*; but without compariſon the beſt Poet in *Europe*.

Car. ——— ——Now *Lovel* to your poſt.

Lov. Navigation.	*Lov.*	Phyſick.	Lovel *and* Carolina *ſpeak ſo faſt one after another, that* Sir Poſitive *turns himſelf firſt to one, then to another, and has not time to ſpeak to them,*
Sir *Poſ.* Navigation d'ye talk of?	*Car.*	Divinity.	
Car. Geography	*Lov.*	Surgery.	
Sir *Poſ* Geography d'ye talk of?	*Car.*	Arithmetick.	
Lov. Aſtronomy.	*Lov.*	Logick.	
Sir *Poſ.* Aſtronomy d'ye talk of?	*Car.*	Cookery.	
Car. Palmeſtry.	*Lov.*	Magick.	

Sir *Poſ.* Hold, hold, hold, hold! Navigation, Geography, Aſtronomy, Palmeſtry, Phyſick, Divinity, Surgery, Arithmetick, Logick, Cookery and Magick: I'll ſpeak to every one of theſe in their order; if I don't underſtand 'em every one in perfection, nay, if I don't fence, Dance, Ride, Sing, Fight a Duel, ſpeak *French*, Command an Army, play on the Violin, Bag-pipe, Organ, Harp, Hoboy, Sackbut, and double Curtal, ſpeak Spaniſh, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Welch and Iriſh,

Iriſh, Dance a Jig, throw the Bar, *Swear*, Drink, Swagger, Whore, Quarrel, Cuff, break Windows, manage Affairs of State, Hunt, Hawk, Shoot, Angle, play at Cat, Stool-ball, Scotch-hop and Trap-ball, Preach, Diſpute, make Speeches.——— (*Coughs.*

Prethee get me a Glaſs of ſmall Beer, *Roger.*

Stanf. Hell and Furies!

Emil. Oh, oh,——— (*They run.*

Sir *Poſ.* Nay, hold, I have not told you half; if I don't do all theſe, and fifty times more, I am the greateſt Owl, Pimp, Monkey, Jack-a-napes, Baboon, Raſcal, Oaf, Ignoramus, Logger-head, Curr-dog, Block-head, Buffoon, Jack-pudding, Tony, or what you will; ſpit upon me, kick me, cuff me, lugg me by the Ears, pull me by the Noſe, tread upon me, and deſpiſe me more than the World now values me. } *Ex.* omnes, *and he goes out talking as faſt as he can.*

ACT V.

Enter Emilia, Stanford, *and* Lovel.

Stanf. IF you be my Friend, as you profeſs to be, you will not deny me this.

Lov. I am your Friend, and would not have you perplex your ſelf with what you ſee there's no end of; Can this frowardneſs relieve you?

Stanf. Good Sir, none of your grave advice, I am reſolv'd to relieve my ſelf, by abandoning all converſation.

Lov. How can you brook *Emilia*'s company?

Stanf. Piſh! ſhe's not altogether ſo troubleſom: Ask me no more Queſtions.

Lov. Hah! Does he like her? Thus far my Deſign thrives: Well! I'll keep 'em from you a while: But the Hounds are ſo eager, they'll never endure pole-hunting long. (*Exit.*

Stanf. You hear, Madam, we are not like to be long free from theſe inhuman perſecutors.

Emil. Why will you call 'em ſo? you know I am pleas'd with 'em: They are my Recreation, as you were pleas'd to ſay.

Stanf. No, no; you have convinc'd me of the contrary: But, how can you blame me for ſo eaſie a Miſtake?

Emil. You are a very fit Man to deſpiſe impertinent people: You are!

Stanf. 'Twill be very wiſely done to ſtand muttering here, till the Fools in the next Room break in upon you.

Emil. Perhaps as wiſely done, as to truſt my ſelf with you, as you have behav'd your ſelf.

Stanf If you have no more ſenſe than to ſtay longer, I ſhall be aſſur'd of what I was but jealous of before.

Emil. What would your Wiſdom have me do now?

Stanf. The worſt of them would not have ask'd ſuch a Queſtion: Who

but

but you would be in doubt, or would not flie as a Thief does from a Hue and Cry?

Emil. There's no hope of escaping.

Stanf. Now will you in despair of avoiding them, stay here, and keep 'em company.

Emil. 'Twere vain presumption to hope for Liberty by Miracle; they will no more lose us, than an Attorney will a young Squire that's newly waded into Law; will be sure never to leave him, till he has brought him out of his depth.

Stanf. By this rule you shou'd not resist a Man that comes to Ravish you, because he's like to too be strong for you; but if you did not use the means your honesty would be no more admir'd in that, than your Wisdom in this

Emil. Aside. This is a most admirable person.——— Where should I go? (*To him.*

Stanf. I would run into a fire to be quit of 'em.

Emil. Well! I am content to go along with you, not for your sake, but my own.

Stanf. Perhaps my inclination are not much unlike yours.

Lov. Oh, *Stanford*, I can no longer keep them from you, 'tis as easie to stop a Spring-Tide. } *Enter* Lovel, Carol. *Sir* Pos. Nin. Wood. La. Vaine.

Stanf. Now, whose fault was this? a Curse upon your delaying, now 'tis too late to flie

Sir *Pos.* Dost talk of flying, Jack? I'll teach thee to do that with the greatest ease in the World: 'tis true, I heard of a Coxcomb that broke his Neck with the Experiment, but if I had been by him, I wou'd have taught him to have flown with the best Gos-Hawk in the World.

Stanf. O Impudence.

Sir *Pos.* And for my own part, for one sight or so, for I will not strain my self for any mans pleasure; I do't but for my Recreation: I am no mercenary. I will flie at a Hern with the best Jer-Falcon that ever flew? that's fair.

La. *Vain.* O very fair as can be! by all means, Sir, learn of him, he'll do it.

Sir *Pos.* Do't Madam? I think so: I tell you all Elements are alike to me, I could live in any one of 'em as well as the Earth: 'Tis nothing but a sordid Earthly Nature in us makes us love the Earth better than any other Element.

Enter Roger.

Emil. I see it is in vain to torment our selves without endeavouring our Liberty.

Stanf. That's cunningly found out.

Rog. Sir, if you can find a way to be rid of Sir *Positive* and my Lady *Vaine*, I'll tell you how to quit your selves of the other.

Emil. We may set 'em one upon another, and by that we may either get rid or (at least) be a little reveng'd of 'em.

Stanf. That may make some amends for your last neglect.

Car. Now they are settled in their business, I'll leave 'em and go to my Tire-woman in *Covent-Garden*, who has some Excellent new Patterns of Lace

Lace for me; will you pleaſe to Squire me along?

Lov. I hope you have no deſign upon me: are your intentions honourable? } Emilia *whiſpers to* Woodcock.

Car. Yes indeed are they, I intend no rape upon you.

Lov. Nor any other unlawful way of love.

Car. Leave fooling, and let's away—— (*Ex. Lov. Car.*

Sir *Poſ.* to La. *Vain.*] P'ſhaw! I could live in the water ſo well, that o' my Conſcience I am Amphibious, I could catch fiſh as well as any Cormorant or Otter, nay I can live ſo long under water, that (but that I have greater deſigns on foot here) *I* would go into the *Weſt-Indies* to dive for Spunges and Corals, and if in one year I were not the richeſt Man that ever went thither I would be hanged *Jack Stanford*, when I ſwom over agen.

Stanf. 'Sdeath, I would you were under Water one half hour in the mean time.

Sir *Poſ.* Faith *I* would I were *Jack*, thou wou'd'ſt admire to ſee what pleaſure I take in lying under Water an hour or two, eſpecially if the Water be warm!

Stanf. Yes, yes, and you can eat Fire too; can't ye?

Sir *Poſ.* P'ſhaw! you admire a man that eats Fire among you, one that has a deprav'd palate, and is not able to taſte an Aſh from a Oak-Coal, which I can diſtinguiſh as well as I can a Pickl'd Herring from a Muſcle.

Ninny. Eat Fire? it is Impoſſible.

Sir *Poſ.* You are a Fop, *I* pity your ignorance, Eat Fire? why *I'll* Eat Fire and Brimſtone with the Devil himſelf man, what doſt talk of that?

Wood to *Emilia.*] *I* warrant you, Dear Heart, I'll do't, and yet I am plaguely afraid of Sir *Poſitive.*

Emil. What am I forc'd to? Maſter *Ninny*, you have often profeſt ſome kindneſs to me.

Ninny. And Madam may I never make Couplet again, if I don't love you better then I do Muſick or Poetry.

Emil. And underſtand me as little—— (*Aſide.*
I ſhall ſoon make trial of you. (*To him.*

Ninny. And before *George* if I do not ſerve you!——

Emil. Then be ſure the next thing Sir *Poſitive* pretends to, contradict him in, and be as Poſitive as he is, and by this perhaps you may deſerve my kindneſs.

Ninny. But ſuppoſe, Madam, he ſhould draw upon me, and do me a Miſchief.

Emil. Maſter *Stanford* and his man will bail you from that.

Ninny. In confidence of this I ſhall be glad to ſerve you.

La. *Vain.* I wonder, dear Sir, a man of your incomparable Abilities ſhou'd want preferment.

Sir *Poſ.* Modeſty! modeſty! we that are modeſt men get nothing in this Age.

La *Vain.* Perhaps the World does not know of theſe things.

Sir *Poſ.* Not know! why I was never in Company with any man in m life, but I told him all.

Woo

Wood. And no Man ever believ'd you, Dear Heart.

Sir *Pof.* As I hope to breathe, *Jack*, this Fellow's mad.

Wood. Ne'er tell me, Dear Heart, I know you understand nothing of all you have pretended to in comparison of me, Dear Heart.

Sir *Pof.* Is not this very pleasant, Madam, ha, ha?

Ninny. Nay, nay, never laugh for the matter, and think to bear up against all the World: Do you think I don't think my self a better Poet than you?

Wood. And I a better Musitian?

Sir *Pof.* You Impudent Baboons!

Ninny. Let him alone, let him alone, *Woodcock*.

Wood. Ay, ay, alas I laugh at him: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, the party has staid for you a good while at the Setting-Dog and Partridge.

La. *Vain.* Come, while they dispute, let's go——*Exit La. Vain, Bridg.*

(Emilia *offers to go out.*

Ninn. Nay, Madam, if you don't stay to prevent Mischief, I have done: For I find I begin to grow furious, and dare not trust my own temper.

Sir *Pof.* Have you the Impudence to say you are a better Poet, and you a better Musitian than I am?

Ninn. Ay, ay, and not only so, but a better Divine, Astrologer, Mathematician, Geographer, Seaman——

Wood. A better Physician, Lawyer, Statesman, Almanack-maker.

Ninn. Ay, and what shall break your Heart, a better Trap-ball-player too, take notice of that——

Wood. In one word, I understand every thing that is or is not to be understood, better than you do: Take that from me.

Ninn. And let me tell you, Sir *Positive*, 'tis a very confident thing in you to pretend to understand any thing as well as I do.

Sir *Posit.* O Impudence!

Wood. You understand! How should you come by understanding? Where had you your Knowledge, Dear Heart? P'shaw.

Sir *Posit.* What will this Age come to?

Ninn. Your Insolence makes me blush, as I hope to breathe, for such an empty Fellow to talk of Wit or Sense; p'shaw, prethee hold thy Tongue.

Sir *Posit.* I am amaz'd!

Wood. I tell thee, dear Soul, I love thee so well, I would not have thee pretend to these things thou dost not understand.

Ninn. Especially before such Men as we that do understand.

Sir *Posit.* I can hold no longer, ye eternal Dogs, ye Curs, ye Ignorant Whelps: I'll sacrifice ye, let me go; if there be no more Sons of Whores in *England*, I'll murder 'em.

Stanf. Bear up to him, I'll prevent all Injuries.

Ninn. Nay then, Sir, never fret and fume for the matter: Look you, Sir, pray what can you do better than I?

Wood. Or I either? Let's hear't, Dear Heart.

Sir *Posit.* Hear it, you Rascals? I'll rout an Army with my single Valour: I'll burn a whole Fleet at three Leagues distance: I'll make Ships go all over the World without sails: I'll plow up Rocks steep as the *Alps* in dust, and lave the Tyrrhene Waters into Clouds, (as my Friend *Catiline* says.)

Ninny. 'Pshaw! you! I'll pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon, (as my Friend *Hotspur* says) what do you talk of that?

Emil. Certainly, he's distracted! this is some revenge.

Sir *Posit.* This single Head of mine shall be the Balance of Christendom: And by the strength of this I'll undermine all Commonwealths, destroy all Monarchies, and write Heroick Plays: Ye Dogs, let me see either of you do that.

Stanf. This is raving madness.

Ninny. Wou'd I were well rid of him, I tremble every joint of me.

Sir *Posit.* With this Right Hand I'll pluck up Kingdoms by the Roots, depopulate whole Nations, burn Cities, murder Matrons, and ravish sucking Infants; you Curs, can you do this?

Rog. But, Sir, in the midst of your fury, my Lady *Vaine* is gone away with a Gentleman.

Sir *Posit.* Ah Dear *Roger*, which way did she go? shew me quickly, I'll bring her back, and she shall see me take satisfaction of these Rascals.——

[*Ex. Sir* Posit. *and* Roger.

Wood. I'm glad you are gone, Sir, my Heart was at my Mouth, did I not do the business rarely, my pretty Rogue? How canst thou reward me for this? hah?

Emil. Unfortunate Woman! What am I reduc'd to? If you will go immediately to *Oxford Kates*, and stay for me in the great Room there, I will not fail to come to you in a little time, and let you know how sensible I am of this favour; go, go instantly, and make no words on't.

Wood. I fly, Madam. O dear *Roger!* I have catch'd her, O Rogue! I'll provide a Parson immediately: Dear Son of a Whore, let me kiss thee. [*Ex.*

Stanf. I shall have a better Opinion of her Wit than ever I had, if she gets rid of this brace of *Jack Puddens*.

Ninny. Ay, Madam, you see what danger I have undergone: I am only unhappy I have lost no Blood in the service: For as a Noble Author says,

——*It should have been to me both loss and gain:*

But shall I hope for any favour from you?

Emil. Let not *Stanford* perceive any thing; go and stay for me at *Oxford Kates* in the great Room, and there we may freely speak our Minds.

Ninny. And will you not fail to come?

Emil. No, no, but whatever happens remove not till I come to you: Away, away, we are observ'd.

Ninny. O admirable Fortune! Sure I was born with a Caul on my Head, and wrapt in my Mothers Smock, the Ladies do so love me. [*Exit.*

Emil. I would these two Fools were oblig'd to stay there till I came to

Stanf. Now

Stanf. Now I hope you will take warning, and ſtay here no longer, where they may find you out, unleſs you take pleaſure in 'em.

Emil. Where can I find a place of ſafe retreat?

Rog. I have a Siſter lives in *Covent-Garden*, a Tire-woman, where at this time of night you may be private: If you pleaſe, command the House.

Enter Sir Poſitive.

Emil. Make haſte then! O Heav'n, is he return'd?

Sir *Poſ.* Pox on't, I can't find my Miſtreſs; where are theſe Rogues?

Stanf. My Lady *Vaine* is return'd, and *Ninny* and *Woodcock* are with her in the next Room.

Sir *Poſ.* Say you ſo? I'll in, and firſt make the Puppies recant their errours, and then murder 'em in preſence of my Miſtreſs.

Stanf. So! you are faſt. [*Locks the door.* [*Ex.*

Emil. Come away, away! (*Ex.* Stanf. Emil. Rog.

Sir *Poſ. within. Stanford*, open the door, are you mad? hey *Stanford*? Couſin *Emilia!* open the door.

Enter Lady Vaine *and* Bridget.

La. *Vaine.* What, is the Houſe empty? ——'Twas an unlucky thing That the Gentlemen ſhould go before we came.

Bridg. You may thank Sir *Poſitive*, would he were far enough for me for keeping your Ladiſhip ſo long.

Sir *Poſ. Stanford! Emilia!* open the door there! help, help, help!

La. *Vaine.* That's his voice! what can be the matter? the Key is in the door, I'll in and ſee—— (*She unlocks the door.*

Enter Sir Poſitive.

Sir *Poſ.* O Madam! your humble ſervant! If *I* don't murder *Stanford*, may *I* never have any ſhare in your Ladiſhips favour.

La. *Vaine.* Did he lock you in?

Sir *Poſ.* Yes, Madam; for which with this Blade that is inur'd to ſlaughter will *I* ſlice him into Atoms.

La. *Vaine.* No, ſweet Sir *Poſitive* reſtrain your paſſion, ſuch a fellow as he *deſerves to be toſs'd in a Blanket.*

Sir *Poſ.* No, no, never talk of that, Madam! Such a Revenge is below me, but *I* have a Pen that will bite, and I'll do it vigorouſly. And yet the Rogue has done me a kindneſs: For if he had not lock'd me up, I had miſs'd of your Ladiſhip.

La. *Vaine.* Sir, upon my honour, I intended not to have ſtay'd from you!

Sir *Poſ.* But Madam, the loſs of you has put me into that fright, that *I* deſire to make ſure of you.

La. *Vaine.* As how, good Sir?

Sir *Poſ.* To Marry you this Night.

La. *Vaine.* That's ſhort Warning.

Sir *Poſ.* But Madam, I have had your Promiſe theſe three days, and that's long enough to expect Performance.

Bridg. Madam, ev'n take him at his Word.

La. *Vaine.* But how ſhall I anſwer that to my Friend in the Country?

Bridg. Ne'er trouble your ſelf for that, Madam, 'tis faſhionable to have

a Servant as well as a Husband, and besides the pleasure of a Gallant, there will be another, which is no small one to some Women, of deceiving your Husband.

La. *Vaine.* Thou art in the right, Wench: Besides the failing of this Assignation has set me so agog, I would very unwillingly lie alone to night.

Sir *Pos.* Come Madam, I see you are consulting: I'le send for a Parson shall soon finish the debate.

La. *Vaine.* Well Sir! your Intentions are so honourable, I submit to you.

Sir *Pos.* O intolerable happiness! Let's dispatch it immediately in this House.

La. *Vaine.* No Sir! I'le carry you to a more private place.

Sir *Pos.* Come Madam, I'le wait on you.——— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovel, Carolina.

Car. Now I have dispatch'd this important business of Woman-kind, which is making themselves fine, we may return.

Lov. To the place from whence we came, and from thence to the place of Execution, if you please: I'le have a Levite ready.

Car. No Sir, I know you are too true a Son of the Church to venture that after the Canonical hour.

Lov. I am not so formal to observe a Method in any thing; besides, Marriage being at best unseasonable, can never be less than now.

Car. To speak gravely; let us first take the advice of our Pillows: Since sleep being a great setler of the Brain, may be an Enemy to Marriage, for one wou'd think that few in their right Wits wou'd undertake so unseasonable an action, as you call it.

Lov. Must People then be tam'd into Marriage? as they man Hawks with watching.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, Roger.

Car. What's here? my Sister with *Stanford*?

Emil. How unlucky is this, my Sister, and an idle Fellow with her?

Stanf. Ne're trouble your self, if your Sister be not a Fop, He's gone I'le assure you.

Emil. You are a very Competent Judge indeed,

Car. How now Sister, can you with all your gravity steal away by night with a Gentleman?

Lov. Come *Stanford*, there's Love betwixt you; for nothing else can make Men and Women so shame-fac'd as to seek out private places.

Car. Come Sister, if it be so, ne're mince the matter, 'tis the way of all Flesh.

Lov. And we are so far onward on that way, that if you don't make haste you will scarce overtake us.

Car. Come, confess *Emilia*, what brought you hither?

Emil. I came to flye from Impertinence, and I have found it here.

Car. That will not bring you off Sister: For if you did not like this Gentleman very well, you wou'd flye from him as soon as any Man.

Stanf. For my part, I only came to defend her from Assaults at this time o'night.

Lov.

Lov. If you had not an extraordinary value for her, you would not play the Knight-Errant to my knowledge; Is not this dissimulation of yours very ridiculous?

Stanf. I must needs confess I never saw any Woman I dislik'd less.

Car. And, What say you Sister of this Gentleman?

Emil. To give the Devil his due, I have met with less affliction from him than from other men.

Car. Nay, then in good earnest it must be a match.

Emil. That's wisely propos'd of you to me, that am immediately leaving the World.

Stanf. } Pox on her! how she pleases me.——————(*Aside.*
to *Emil.* } Why, Who intends to stay behind?

Car. If you neglect this opportunity, Sister, you'l ne're be so well match'd agen.

Stanf. 'Twill not be so pleasant to go alone as you imagine.

Car. No, no, take hands and march along I say.

Emil. That wou'd be much to the advantage of my honour.

Lov. I'll send for one shall satisfie that scruple, Madam.

Emil. The Remedy is almost as bad as the disease.

Stanf. Perhaps if you consider it, 'twill be your wisest course.

Emil. No doubt I shou'd have an admirable Companion of you, as you think.

Bar. I find you have so grert a passion for the *Country Gentleman* my Father has provided for you, you will never be perswaded to be false to him.

Emil. He will be the greatest plague of all: What shall I do to be rid of him?

Car. There is but one way, Sister; Even dispose of your self to that honest Gentlemen, to have and to hold.

Stanf. 'Twill be very discreetly done, not to quit your self of this Country Fellow, and the rest of your Fools, now it is in your power.

Lov. Faith, Madam, be perswaded and joyn hands.

Stanf. The truth is, I think we cannot do better than to leave the World together: 'twill be very uncomfortable wandring in Desarts for you alone.

Emil. If I shou'd be so mad as to joyn hands with you, 'twould not be so much an Argument of Kindness to you, as Love to my self; since at best I am forc'd to chuse the least of two great Evils, either to be quit alone, or to have ill Company.

Lov. This will end in Marriage I see.

Emil. O no! I dare not think of that, if he should grow troublesom, then 'twould be out of my power to cast him off.

Stanf. Why there's no necessity we should be such Puppies as the rest of Men and Wives are, if we fall out, to live together, and quarrel on.

Emil. The Conditions of Wedlock are the same to all.

Stanf. Whatsoever the publick Conditions are, our private ones shall be, if either grows a Fop, the other shall have liberty to part.

Emil. I must confess that's reasonable.

Lov. Away *Roger*, and fetch a Canonical Gentleman.

Rog.

Rog. I will, Sir.

Lov. Faith, Madam, you have taken great pains, Was't for your ſelf or me you did it?

Car. You have a very civil opinion of your ſelf I ſee.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O Sir! yonder's Sir *Poſitive* and my Lady *Vaine* juſt alighted at the Door, with the man you ſent for.

Emil. O undone! ruin'd for ever!

Stanf. 'Slife you Raſcal, did not you tell me I might be private here?

Rog. Pray Sir do not fret, but make your eſcape out at the back door.

Stanf. Away, away! quickly, for Heavens ſake!

Lov. Come, Madam! let's follow 'em———— (*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Ninny *and* Woodcock.

Nin. Will you never leave ones Room a little? I tell you I am buſie.

Wood. So am I, and 'tis my Room, dear heart, let me tell you that.

Nin. Before *George*, *Woodcock*, 'tis very Impertinent to trouble one thus.

Wood. So 'tis, *Ninny*, I wonder you'l do it; for my part, a man that had the leaſt Soul of Poetry in him, would ſcorn to do this.

Ninny. What! Do you ſay I have not a Soul of Poetry in me? I don't love to commend my ſelf, *Woodcock*; but now I am forc't to't, I muſt tell you, I have ſix times as much power in me, as you have.

Wood. You lye, Dear Heart?

Ninny. Why, you lye then, to tell me that I lye, ſo you do.

Wood. You are a Son of a Whore, Dear Heart, to tell me I lye.

Ninny. You are a Son of a Whore as well as my ſelf, to tell me ſo, and you go to that.

Wood. I, I, you may ſay your pleaſure; but have a care Bully-Rock, for if you give me the leaſt affront, I'll break your Pate, take that from me.

Ninny. I'll take it from no man: If you do, I'll break yours agen man, for all you are ſo brief: 'Slife, one ſhan't ſpeak to you one of theſe days, you are grown ſo purdy.

Wood. Well! well! Dear Heart!

Ninny. Well! well too! and you go to that, if you be ſo fierce: But I'd fain know what occaſion there is for you and I to quarrel now.

Wood. Ay, what indeed Dear Heart? Therefore, prethee Dear Soul kiſs me; Dear Rogue, if thou lov'ſt me, go out of my Room.

Ninny. No, good ſweet *Woodcock* now, go thee, I'll do as much for thee another time, as I hope to Live.

Wood. Dear Cur I love thee; but prethee excuſe me, *I* have a Miſtreſs to meet in this very Room; Therefore dear pretty *Ninny* leave me.

Ninny. Cods my Life kins to ſee the luck on't: May I never verſify agen if I am not here upon the ſame occaſion: I'll give thee five Guineys if thou'lt leave me: I ſhall ſpare 'em well enough when I have got her. (*Aſide.*

Wood. I'd have you know, *Ninny*, I ſcorn your Guineys: Alas, poor Fool, he little thinks I ſhall be in a better Condition to ſpare fifty then he can five: Why then, in ſhort, let me tell you I am to be marry'd within this half hour, in this very Room, Dear Heart.

Ninny.

Ninny. This is prodigious! may I never have play take agen if I am not to be marri'd here within this half hour, and to a very great Fortune too.

Wood. So is mine, Bully Rock!

Ninny. Dear *Woodcock*, let's reconcile this buſineſs here; I have two Dice, he that throws moſt, ſtays: then am I ſure to be too hard for him that way, for I can nap a Six a-yard. *(Aſide.*

Wood. No, not I: by the Lord *Harry*, I'll not truſt a buſineſs of that Concernment to Fortune.

Ninny. Nay, then Sir, I will keep my Room, I was firſt in't.

Wood. By that rule you ſhou'd go firſt out.

Ninny. 'Tis not you can turn me out.

Wood. Say you ſo? I'll try that. *(Draw, and fight at diſtance.*

Ninny. At your own peril!

Wood. Can't you ſtand a little? Why do you go back ſo, Dear Heart?

Ninny. Let me alone, I know what I do in going back, I have the Law on my ſide, and if I kill you it will be found *ſe defendendo.*

Wood. Ay, ay, Have you murd'rous Intentions, Dear Heart? If you do kill me, I will declare upon my Death-bed, that you had Malice in your Heart, Dear Heart.

Ninny. Who I? as I hope to be ſav'd I ſcorn your Words: I Malice; do your worſt: I am better known then ſo: I am not ſo outragious: pray hear me a Word: You know we Authors and Ingenious Men have a great many Enemies.

Wood. We have ſo.

Ninny. At this rate we may kill one another: And a Pox on them they'd be glad on it; and for my part *I* would not dye to pleaſe any of 'em.

Wood. Nor *I* neither; therefore prethee leave me my Room, to prevent danger.

Ninny. *I* am not ſo baſe: but, if you will, let us lay down theſe dangerous Engines of Blood, and contend a ſafer way, by the way of Cuffe and Kick.

Wood. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; what a Pox care *I*: come, come, you ſhall ſee *I* dare do any thing, ſince you are reſolv'd to try me. *(Enter two Servants, and part 'em, and Ex.*

Enter Stanford, Lovel, Carolina, Emilia, Roger.

Stanf. Here we are in as much danger as ever: Could any thing be ſo foppiſh as returning to the place from whence we fled?

Emil. 'Tis a ſweet time of night to go on upon the Ramble.

Car. We are ſafe enough from any body but my Father; and we cannot be troubled with him long: 'tis his hour of going to Bed.

Emil. How ſhall we diſpoſe of the Countrey Fellow, if he ſhould return?

Rog. Let me alone; I'll find a Trick for him: I liv'd in the ſame Town with him, and know him to be a down-right credulous man, that will ſwallow any thing.

Enter Father *and* Country-man.

Stanf. Now ſee what you have brought your ſelf to.

Fath. Come, Daughter, What think you of my choice of a Husband, He's extream

He's extream rich; and, Is he not a very accompliſh'd Gentleman, ha;

Emil. There's a Fellow indeed, why he has not Soul enough for a Cock-Chicken.

Fath. You are a fooliſh froward Girl thus to deſpiſe your happineſs; I'll tell you, either reſolve to Marry him to morrow morning——.

Lov. Heark you Sir! if you will take my advice, be not ſo haſty: you know young Ladies are always Coy, and out of their little knowledge of the World, are apt to refuſe that which may prove their greateſt happineſs.

Fath. What would you have me do with one that is ſo obſtinate?

Car. If you pleaſe, take ſome milder way: let us withdraw, and we'll all help to perſwade her: You know it is not proper to be done before him.

Fath. I'll be ruled in this: but if perſwaſion will not do, force ſhall.

Car. Be ſure you ſeem pliant to his Commands, it may advance our deſign.

Fath. Sir, we'll wait on you agen preſently. (*Ex. all but* Cou. G. & Rog.

Coun. Gent. Your Servant Sir! ——honeſt *Roger*, in ſober ſadneſs I am glad to ſee you well; I had almoſt forgot you.

Rog. And how does your ſweet Siſter Madam *Dorothy*?

Coun. Gent. O brave and luſty, as ſound as a Roach, as they ſay.

Rog. I heard your Worſhip was Knighted.

Coun. Gent. No not I *Roger*! I am not ambitious of that: As the excellent Proverbs ſays; Honour will buy no Beef.

Rog. Now we are alone, Sir, I am oblig'd to tell you, I am ſorry to ſee one, whom I ſo much honour'd, ſo ill us'd.

Coun. Gent. Piſh! it's no matter man! I care not for Knight-hood one pin of my ſleeve, as the ſaying is.

Rog. Sir, I mean ſomething concerns your Worſhip nearer.

Cou. Gent. Naarer! What can that be?

Rog. I muſt beg your pardon for that; *I* may be ruin'd for my endeavous to ſerve you.

Cou. Gent. What, would any of your Town-Gallants bob me of my Miſtreſs?

Rog. That were too good news for you to be true.

Cou. Gent. Thank you for nothing: Is this the honour you have for me, to wiſh me the loſs of a Miſtreſs worth 10000 *l* d'ye ſee? udds nigs that's a good one indeed.

Rog. 10000 *l.* Ha, ha, ha,; would ſhe had it for her own ſake and yours too!

Cou. Gent. Faith are you there with your Bears? nay then I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market.

Rog. If ſhe had had one of thoſe thouſands, my Maſter would have Marry'd her long e're this; Sir, I have always honour'd you, and could not in Conſcience but tell you this, and now it is in your power to ruine me.

Cou. Gent. Nay, *I'll* be as ſilent as a Dormouſe, but is it poſſible? ——

Rog. Nay, do not believe me if you pleaſe; but *I* have diſcharg'd my duty: and, if you Marry her, the Inconvenience will be yours not mine: Beſides, if ſhe had that Fortune you ſpeak of, which ſhe has as much as I have; What good would it do you in the end? She'l never be perſwaded to

live

live in the Country, you must keep her in Town, with her Coach and six Horses, Pages and Lacquies: And she must visit the Plays, the Park, and the Mulberry-Garden.

Cou. Gent. O Lamentable! this were the way to get a pair of Horns bigger than the Stags head in my Hall has: but, if I were Marry'd to her, I'd get her into the Country as sure as a Gun.

Rog. If you shou'd, you'd have every week this Earl, that Lord, this Knight, and that Gentleman of her kindred come to take the fresh Air; and to Hunt and Hawk with you in the time of year.

Cou. Gent. Why they wou'd eat me out of house and home, as the saying is.

Rog. They would despise your Beef and Mutton: You must keep a couple of French Cooks; and eat nothing but Pottages, Fricases, and Ragusts, your Champinions, Coxcombs and Pallats, your Andoilles, your Langue de porceau, your Bisks and your Olio's.

Cou. Gent. What are all these, several sorts of Sweet-meats?

Rog. O, no Sir! these must be your constant food, and every Dish will cost you a piece; and, Will this be done with a small Portion of a Thousand Pound?

Coun. Gent. I shou'd soon bring a Noble to Nine-pence then, as they say.

Rog. Then you must have your Quails, Ruffs, Gnats, Godwitts, Plover, Dotrills, Wheat-Ear, Cock of the Wood, and a hundred sorts of Fowls: besides, they would scorn your Ale and Cider, and March-Beer; you must have your Cellar full of Champaign, Chablee, Burgundy, and Remedy Wines; But Mum, Sir, if you love me.

Enter Father, Stanf. Emil. Carol. Lov.

Fath. Come, Sir, *I* have brought my Daughter to be obedient to my Commands, and I would have you prepare to be Marry'd to Morrow morning.

Coun. Gent. I shall fail you, d'ye see.

Fath. What is't you say?

Coun. Gent. I shan't be so civil, as the saying is.

Fath. This is madness.

Coun. Gent. No, Sir, no; There's no catching old Birds with Chaffe. Fare-you-well.

Fath. D'hear Sir!

Coun. Gent. No, Sir, fare ye well——I am no Bubble, as they say. (*Exit.*

Fath. *I* am amaz'd! I'll after him, and enquire into the business; I must not lose this Son-in-Law. (*Exit.*

Lovel. The Rogue has done dexterously!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Come, Sir, here's a Parson in the next Room, dispatch, while the old Gentleman's out of the House. (*They are going out.*

Enter Woodcock.

Stanf. 'Slife, *Woodcock*'s here! I'll cut his Throat.

Emil. Pray none of your Hectoring here, to Alarm the House.

Wood. How now, Dear Heart! Why did not you come to me as you promis'd?

Emil. For Heavens sake go up into the Room two pair of Stairs, and

I'll ſteal from hence, and give you an Account: Make haſte.

Lov. Come let's in before we be interrupted agen. (*Ex.* Wood.

Enter Ninny.

Nin. Hi'ſt, Madam; before *George* 'twas unkindly done, not to remember your aſſignation juſt now.

Emil. You'll ſpoil all: I could not get looſe; run into the Garden, there's a back door: I'll come to you immediately; make haſte, we are obſerv'd.

Nin. O ho! this is ſomething.

Stanf. This Woman has a ſoul. (*Exeunt omnes*

Enter Huffe *drunk.*

Huffe. I have purſu'd him into this houſe, that has abus'd me ſo baſely behind my back; and by this Whiniard, and by the Spirit of Gun-powder, I'll ſacrifice him to my fury: Come out you Son of a Whore.

Enter Stanford, *and the reſt after him*; Stanford *preſſes upon* Huffe, *and he falls.*

Stanf. That this Puppy ſhou'd provoke we to draw upon him, that is ſo drunk he cannot ſta nd

Huffe. That's a miſtake; not ſo drunk yet, but if I had ſtood ſoberly to't, I ſhould have been run through the Lungs before this. (*To himſelf.*

Enter Sir Poſitive *and Lady* Vaine.

Emil. Is there no end of our affliction?

Sir *Poſ.* Dear Couſin and *Jack Stanford*, give me Joy, I am Marry'd to a Lady that is the greateſt Pattern of Wit, and the greateſt Example of Virtue that this Age hath produc'd, and for her face look upon't, look upon it I ſay! ſhe's a beauty, take that from me, what ſay you *Stanford*? (*Flouriſh within.*

Stanf. Yes, yes, ſhe's curſedly handſom.

La. *Vain.* If my glaſs does not flatter me, you are not deceiv'd in your Judgment, dear Sir.

Sir *Poſ.* Here I have brought Fiddles to rejoyce with you *Jack* and Couſin, ſince I know you love mirth as well as I do.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. I had waited for thee my dear Miſs, if this unexpected Muſick had not brought me hither.

Enter Ninny.

Ninny. How now? what Fiddles are theſe?

Sir *Poſ.* You dogs, are you here? now, Madam, you ſhall ſee how I'll chaſtiſe theſe fellows that wou'd be Wits.

Wood. Hold, dear Rogue! why ſhould'ſt thou be angry? upon my honour I did but droll with thee, for by the Lord *Harry* I take thee to be one of the pillars of the Nation, Dear Heart!

Sir *Poſ.* O, do you ſo?

Ninny. Dear Sir *Poſitive*, I beg your pardon a thouſand times, for my part I believe there never was a man of that prodigious underſtanding that you have.

Sir *Poſ.* Do you ſo? I knew it was impoſſible they ſhou'd be in Earneſt, but do you hear? have a care of being *Poſitive* another time, a man would think you might learn more Modeſty of me.

Wood,

Wood. Come, Dear Heart, art thou here? prethee kiſs me, and lets be friends for all our late Cuffing: What need we care for a douce or two of the Chops, Bully-Rock?

Ninny. Nay, for my part, I value it as little as you do, and you go to that.

Enter Father *and* Countrey-Gentleman.

Fath. What Riot's this in my houſe? at this time o' night?

Sir *Paſ.* Riot! do you underſtand what a Riot is in Law? I'll tell you: for no man in this Nation has committed more than I have.

Fath. Tell me not of Law, Sir; what mean theſe Fiddles, I ſay, at this time o'night?

Sir Paſ. Uncle, they are mine: I am marry'd to this Lady, and reſolve to be merry in your houſe before we go to bed.

Fath. Is that it? give you Joy, your Couſin *Emilia* and this Gentleman will not be long after ye.

Stanf. Sir, you are miſtaken, your Daughter has diſpos'd her ſelf in another place.

Wood. How the Devil did he know that, *Ninny*?

Ninny. He little thinks where ſhe has beſtow'd her ſelf, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. No, no, nor thee neither, dear Rogue, ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. Well honeſt *Woodcock*, I think I may truſt thee, thou art my Friend: I am the man ſhe has made choice of, and thou ſhalt be my Bride-man.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha, poor Whelp! how he will find himſelf bob'd immediately! that this Coxcomb ſhould not find all this while that I am the man! (*Aſide.*

Fath. It cannot be; what without my Knowledge or conſent?

Wood. Ay, ay, ſhe's diſpos'd on; Dear Heart.

Ninny. Ay, ay, ſhe's diſpos'd on.

Fath. To whom?

Stanf. To me.

Wood. To me.

Ninny. To me.

Fath. How now, to all three?

Car. Sir, ſhe has taken Maſter *Stanford*, and I maſter *Lovel*, as ſure as a Parſon can make us.

Fath. What do I hear?

Car. Sir, I beſeech you be not offended, their Births and Fortunes are not unequal to ours, and if they were, 'twere too late for it to be redreſt.

Fath. Is this true?

Emil. Yes, Sir, perhaps too true? (*To* Stanford.

Wood. Am I fool'd after all this? well, I ſay no more, Dear Hearts.

Ninny. Well, let the Nation ſink or ſwim an it will for me: henceforward inſtead of Heroick Verſe, hereafter I will ſhew all my power, and ſoul and flame, and mettle in Lampoon, I durſt have ſworn ſhe had lov'd me.

Fath. Well! Heaven bleſs you together, ſince you have don't.

Coun. Gent. So Sir, I ſee my Cakes dough, as they ſay; but I hope you'll pay the Charges of my Journey, d'y ſee.

Sir *Paſ.* Well Couſins, I am glad of your good Fortunes, and for my own part, if I underſtand any thing in the World, I am happy in this Lady.

La. *Vaine.*

La. *Vain.* Sir! you are pleas'd to Compliment.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Sir *Positive*, here's a Letter was left for you, it comes out of the Countrey.

Sir *Pos.* reads. { SIr Positive, *I am inform'd, but know not how to believe it, that you intend to marry one that calls her self my Lady* Vaine: *The respect I have for your family urges me to tell you she is a Counterfeit Lady, and is at present my Mistress, by whom I have had one child, and I believe she's half gone of another, all the Fortune she has is what I allow her.* I have seen enough, how am I perplex'd? read *Lovel.*

Fath. Come Master *Woodcock* and Master *Ninny*, notwithstanding you are displeas'd let's have your Company a little longer.

Wood. Nay for my part, Dear Heart, I do not care what becomes of me.

Ninny. Nor I neither as little as any man.

Lov. Don't betray your self to the Company. (*To Sir* Positive.

Sir *Pos.* Well! this is the first thing in the World that I have met with which I did not understand: But I am resolv'd, I'll not acknowledge that: Master *Lovel*, I knew well enough what I did when I marry'd her, He's a wise man that marrys a harlot, he's on the surest side, who but an Ass would marry at uncertainty?

Lov. What will not a *Positive* Coxcomb defend?

Car. Since we are all agreed: Instead of a grand Dance according to the laudable Custom of Weddings, I have found out a little Comical Gentleman to entertain you with.

Enter a Boy in the habit of Pugenello, *and traverses the Stage, takes his Chair, and sits down, then Dances a Jigg.*

Emil. No Wedding day was ever so troublesom as this has been to me.

Stanf. Make haste and quit the Trouble.

Now to some distant desart let's repair:
And there put off all our unhappy Care,
There certainly that freedom we must find,
Which is deny'd to us among Mankind. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

PHysicians tells us, that in every Age
Some one particular Disease does rage,
The Scurvey once, and what you call the Gout,
But Heaven be prais'd their Reign is almost out;
Yet a worse malady than both is bred,
For Poetry now reigneth in their stead:
The Itch of Writing Plays, the more's the pity,
At once has seiz'd the Town, the Court, and City.
Among'st the rest, the Poet of this day
By meer infection has produc'd a Play.
Once his hot fit was strong when he was bold
To write, but while you judge he's in the Cold;
Yet pray consider, few of you but may
Be given up so far to write a Play:
If not for his, for your own sakes be kind,
And give that mercy which you hope to find.

THE END.